

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4713 [REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1920.

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July 20, 1920.

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July 20, 1920.

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G. M. Y.

LOOKING AHEAD

A GAME THAT IS NOT WORTH THE CANDLE

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"What is the good of all the wealth and comfort and glamour of the Victorian age when the next two decades bring us to the graves of ten million young men slain because of the greed and domination which lurked below the smiling surface of that age?" And he adds: "The game is not worth the candle, and we should rather welcome the new and difficult times on which we are now entering."

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"The Times" Literary Supplement

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A JOURNAL OF
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THE ARTS



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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

THE CRITICS' NEW YEAR

THE month of August is the last month of the Critics' year. By the time it is come the publishing season is so exhausted that there is nothing for these gentlemen to do but to sit about and bite their pens, waiting for the end. While the occasion is not one to call for a display of violent feeling, for it were too much to hope that they found this year's company so thrilling that they would fain enjoy it over again, or that they strain towards the first of September with "What does the coming year bring to me?" upon their eager lips, we should like, nevertheless, to imagine them not insensible to the gravity of the hour. The month wanes; the month nears its end. Does it happen to them on August the thirty-first at five minutes to midnight to take the salute of their entire writing year as it marches past at lightning speed; do they, mounted upon a chastened Pegasus, gallop into the New Year, equipped *cap à pie* with a new shining armour of resolutions?

We venture, with an esquire's modesty, to offer them a stout resolution to buckle on. It is that they should harden their hearts; that they should have a little less charity, a little less tenderness and sympathy and desire to help the weak. For to such extremes has their tenderness carried them that it really would seem that they cannot turn aside from a single bad book. We would not complain if they were content as it were, to administer first-aid, and to pass on. But is it necessary to expend the whole force of their energy, their enthusiasm, their ability in proving that the bad book is the book that matters? Pour oil into its wounds, throw a cloak over it, set it upon an ass—that we could understand and applaud. But our gallant critics are not content until they have

proved that Mr. Snuppock in his "Gambols and Gambits" has produced a first book that Dostoevsky would have been proud to sign his name to, a great book, a book that once read will be forgotten never by man or woman, a book that leaves our literature richer than it found it . . . a masterpiece by a master.

Perchance they imagine Mr. Snuppock is crushed to earth by the badness of his book. He knows, he feels it all. And yet, such as it is, he cannot but offer it upon the altar of literature as his pathetic wretched little gift (or his immense hideous overpowering bunch in execrable taste, more likely) to lie among the proud bouquets and the heavy garlands. The critics' hearts are wrung at the sight. The pathos of it, the high courage, the naïve simplicity of Mr. Snuppock, to think it worthy of any kind of publication!

"Come then, here is a chance for lifting a man to high heaven. Are not these books the very books to single out and praise, royally, lavishly, without question? Here are poems that reek of sentimentality, here is a costume novel, bombast and blarney, that we have read a hundred times, here are humorous essays whose humour lies too deep for tears, and a study so boring that we simply cannot hold it open. Alack the day! What poor rubbish is this! Let us be very tender, very pitiful. Nay, let us do more. Why stop at kindness? Crowns are cheap. As for the good books, the books that are written by honest writers, men and women of talent, sincere artists, or a genius even—surely they can afford to look after themselves. If they are good, they are bound to be recognized sooner or later. We are content to ignore them, to leave them to Time."

But perhaps it is too much to ask of these gentle hearts that they should steel themselves.

THE WIND BLOWS

SUDDENLY—dreadfully—she wakes up. What has happened? Something dreadful has happened. No—nothing has happened. It is only the wind shaking the house, rattling the windows, banging a piece of iron on the roof and making her bed tremble. Leaves flutter past the window, up and away; down in the avenue a whole newspaper wags in the air like a lost kite and falls, spiked on a pine tree. It is cold. Summer is over—it is autumn—everything is ugly. The carts rattle by, swinging from side to side; two Chinamen lollop along under their wooden yokes with the straining vegetable baskets—their pigtailed and blue blouses fly out in the wind. A white dog on three legs yelps past the gate. It is all over! What is? Oh, everything! And she begins to plait her hair with shaking fingers, not daring to look in the glass. Mother is talking to grandmother in the hall.

"A perfect idiot! Imagine leaving anything out on the line in weather like this . . . Now my best little Teneriffe-work teal cloth is simply in ribbons. What is that extraordinary smell? It's the porridge burning. Oh, heavens—this wind!"

She has a music lesson at ten o'clock. At the thought the minor movement of the Beethoven begins to play in her head, the trills long and terrible like little rolling drums . . . Marie Swainson runs into the garden next door to pick the "chrysanthums" before they are ruined. Her skirt flies up above her waist; she tries to beat it down, to tuck it between her legs while she stoops, but it is no use—up it flies. All the trees and bushes beat about her. She picks as quickly as she can, but she is quite distracted. She doesn't mind what she does—she pulls the plants up by the roots and bends and twists them, stamping her foot and swearing.

"For heaven's sake keep the front door shut! Go round to the back," shouts someone. And then she hears Bogey:

"Mother, you're wanted on the telephone. Telephone, Mother. It's the butcher."

How hideous life is—revolting, simply revolting! . . . And now her hat-elastic's snapped. Of course it would. She'll wear her old tam and slip out the back way. But Mother has seen.

"Matilda. Matilda. Come back im-me-diately! What on earth have you got on your head? It looks like a tea-cosy. And why have you got that mane of hair on your forehead?"

"I can't come back, Mother. I'll be late for my lesson."

"Come back immediately!"

She won't. She won't. She hates Mother. "Go to hell," she shouts, running down the road.

In waves, in clouds, in big round whirls the dust comes stinging, and with it little bits of straw and chaff and manure. There is a loud roaring sound from the trees in the gardens, and standing at the bottom of the road outside Mr. Bullen's gate she can hear the sea sob: "Ah! . . . Ah! . . . Ah-h!" But Mr. Bullen's drawing-room is as quiet as a cave. The windows are closed, the blinds half pulled, and she is not late. The girl-before-her has

just started playing MacDowell's "To an Iceberg." Mr. Bullen looks over at her and half smiles.

"Sit down," he says. "Sit over there in the sofa corner, little lady."

How funny he is! He doesn't exactly laugh at you . . . but there is just something. . . . Oh, how peaceful it is here! She likes this room. It smells of art serge and stale smoke and chrysanthemums . . . there is a big vase of them on the mantelpiece behind the pale photograph of Rubinstein . . . *à mon ami Robert Bullen*. . . . Over the black glittering piano hangs "Solitude"—a dark tragic woman draped in white, sitting on a rock, her knees crossed, her chin on her hands.

"No, no!" says Mr. Bullen, and he leans over the other girl, put his arms over her shoulders and plays the passage for her. The stupid—she's blushing! How ridiculous!

Now the girl-before-her has gone; the front door slams. Mr. Bullen comes back and walks up and down, very softly, waiting for her. What an extraordinary thing! Her fingers tremble so that she can't undo the knot in the music satchel. It's the wind. . . . And her heart beats so hard she feels it must lift her blouse up and down. Mr. Bullen does not say a word. The shabby red piano seat is long enough for two people to sit side by side. Mr. Bullen sits down by her.

"Shall I begin with scales?" she asks, squeezing her hands together. "I had some arpeggios, too."

But he does not answer. She doesn't believe he even hears . . . and then suddenly his fresh hand with the ring on it reaches over and opens Beethoven.

"Let's have a little of the old master," he says.

But why does he speak so kindly—so awfully kindly—and as though they had known each other for years and years and knew everything about each other?

He turns the page slowly. She watches his hand—it is a very nice hand and always looks as though it had just been washed.

"Here we are," says Mr. Bullen.

Oh, that kind voice—Oh, that minor movement! Here come the little drums. . . .

"Shall I take the repeat?"

"Yes, dear child."

His voice is far, far too kind. The crotchets and quavers are dancing up and down the stave like little black boys on a fence. Why is he so. . . . She will not cry—she has nothing to cry about. . . .

"What is it, dear child?"

Mr. Bullen takes her hands. His shoulder is there—just by her head. She leans on it ever so little, her cheek against the springy tweed.

"Life is so dreadful," she murmurs, but she does not feel it's dreadful at all. He says something about "waiting" and "marking time" and "that rare thing, a woman," but she does not hear. It is so comfortable . . . for ever . . .

Suddenly the door opens and in pops Marie Swainson, hours before her time.

"Take the allegretto a little faster," says Mr. Bullen, and gets up and begins to walk up and down again.

"Sit in the sofa corner, little lady," he says to Marie.

The wind, the wind. It's frightening to be here in her room by herself. The bed, the mirror, the white jug and basin gleam like the sky outside. It's the bed that is frightening. There it lies, sound asleep. . . . Does Mother imagine for one moment that she is going to darn all those stockings knotted up on the quilt like a coil of snakes? She's not. No, Mother. I do not see why I should. . . . The wind—the wind! There's a funny smell of soot blowing down the chimney. Hasn't anyone written poems to the wind? . . . "I bring fresh flowers to the leaves and showers." . . . What nonsense!

"Is that you, Bogey?"

"Come for a walk round the esplanade, Matilda. I can't stand this any longer."

"Right-o. I'll put on my ulster. Isn't it an awful day!" Bogey's ulster is just like hers. Hooking the collar, she looks at herself in the glass. Her face is white, they have the same excited eyes and hot lips. Ah, they know those two in the glass. Good-bye, dears; we shall be back soon.

"This is better, isn't it?"

"Hook on," says Bogey.

They cannot walk fast enough. Their heads bent, their legs just touching, they stride like one eager person through the town, down the asphalt zigzag where the fennel grows wild and on to the esplanade. It is dusky—just getting dusky. The wind is so strong that they have to fight their way through it, rocking like two old drunkards. All the poor little pahutukawas on the esplanade are bent to the ground.

"Come on! Come on! Let's get near."

Over by the breakwater the sea is very high. They pull off their hats and her hair blows across her mouth, tasting of salt. The sea is so high that the waves do not break at all; they thump against the rough stone wall and suck up the weedy, dripping steps. A fine spray skims from the water right across the esplanade. They are covered with drops; the inside of her mouth tastes wet and cold.

Bogey's voice is breaking. When he speaks he rushes up and down the scale. It's funny—it makes you laugh—and yet it just suits the day. The wind carries their voices—away fly the sentences like little narrow ribbons.

"Quicker! Quicker!"

It is getting very dark. In the harbour the coal hulks show two lights—one high on a mast, and one from the stern.

"Look, Bogey. Look over there."

A big black steamer with a long loop of smoke streaming, with the portholes lighted, with lights everywhere, is putting out to sea. The wind does not stop her; she cuts through the waves, making for the open gate between the pointed rocks that leads to . . . It's the light that makes her look so awfully beautiful and mysterious . . . They are on board, leaning over the rail arm in arm.

" . . . Who are they?"

" . . . Brother and sister."

"Look, Bogey, there's the town. Doesn't it look small? There's the post office clock chiming for the last time. There's the esplanade where we walked that windy day. Do you remember? I cried at

my music lesson that day—how many years ago! Good-bye, little island, good-bye. . . ."

Now the dark stretches a wing over the tumbling water. They can't see those two any more. Good-bye, good-bye. Don't forget. . . . But the ship is gone, now.

The wind—the wind.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

GILBERT WHITE

GILBERT WHITE was born at Selborne—the straggling village in Hampshire, lying in a hollow beneath the "hangars" or hanging beech woods which stretch for many miles across the county with some few dips into the valleys—on July 18, 1720, and the bicentenary of his birth excited a good deal of attention this year. Naturalists and men of letters alike have been puzzled to account for this. The life of the Rector of Selborne was monastic in its seclusion, and the greater part of it was spent in his native village in tranquil observation of "the works of God in the creation," with occasional excursions into Lincolnshire, Ringmer by the Sussex Downs, Switzerland, Rutlandshire and eighty miles afield to fetch home his tortoise, Timothy. He died in 1793, having accomplished nothing in his life but a series of letters to his naturalist friends Daines Barrington and Thomas Pennant, which were published in quarto, apparently upon their persuasion, in 1789, and dealt with the natural history of his parish, particularly its birds, with some account of parochial antiquities of no value whatever, and perhaps only written as a concession to the Gothic play-acting of the age. Yet this shy, unpretentious little book, business-like, strictly limited to the subject-matter, utterly free from flourishes, intellectualisms and philosophic speculation, and as quiet as a windless midsummer night, is not only cherished and venerated by the naturalist who turns a blind eye to its obsolete errors and the man of letters who turns his to its natural history, but is really the source of an illustrious phylum. It flowed through Edward Jesse of the "Gleanings" (who published a portion of White's MSS.) and his like, and forked into two branches about the middle of last century, the one moving towards modern "humanitarianism," the other to the admirably precise field natural history, which, almost overthrown by laboratory and museum specialization, shows signs of emerging the stronger and more useful science—not to mention its graciousness.

What, then, was White's achievement? First of all, one is inclined to think, a triumph over the eighteenth century. In style, manner and attitude White was eighteenth-century to the bone—the best of it in maturity, elegance, fastidiousness and easy, cultured grace. He was "an admirer of prospects," and church spires he regarded "as very necessary ingredients in an elegant landscape." Of a gentleman much taken with echoes:

From a seat at the *centrum phonicum*, he and his friends might amuse themselves sometimes of an evening with the prattle of this loquacious nymph, of whose complacency and decent reserve, more may be said than can with truth of every individual of her sex.

There is nothing amphibian here; the perfect urbanity of White's rusticity would have passed the most exact-

ing coffee-house standards. But when it comes to his method, he is as much a stranger to his age as Blake was, whom he could as little have understood as the polite circles of metropolitan culture could have understood him creeping about on hands and knees, revealing the domestic secrets of the field cricket. Precision of statement, exactness of knowledge and observation, an absorbed interest and curiosity for the problems of natural life hitherto untouched (Willughby's "Ornithology" is more a legacy of the bestiaries than a prophecy of White)—this was bucolic savagery to the eighteenth century, which could be discreetly rhapsodical about the nymphs of fancy who lived in trees, but turned up its poetic nose when the nymph of fancy was metamorphosed into the nuthatch of reality. It cannot be too often insisted that the eighteenth century abhorred facts and particularities; that it had a passion for the vague, the abstract and the remote which ultimately destroyed all its standards and fashions, and made its toy Gothicism a perfectly natural development of its decline. In spite of its conformable style, it would have ostracized the "Natural History of Selborne," because its facts about real things were an offence against good taste—had the work ever come within its radius of judgment. Thus, White accomplished something very notable when, as I say, he married urbanity to rusticity, the fine gentleman to the dairymaid, a style like the "placid and easy flight" of migrating swallows with the "life and conversation" of the swallow himself.

White's actual discoveries in natural history have been so enormously extended and sometimes displaced by Darwinism and all its later consequents and perfections that there is a tendency to belittle them. We think of him as an author who contributed to our pleasure rather than our knowledge. That is an injustice. Nor is it only in the famous passage about earthworms—that "half the birds and some quadrupeds are almost entirely supported by them," that they are the great promoters of vegetation by boring, perforating and loosening the soil and "rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants," that worm-casts are the finest manure and so on, and that the earth without them would become "cold, hard-bound and void of fermentation, and consequently sterile"—that we can read prophecy and anticipation of the overpowering revolution in men's thoughts about the world in the middle of the nineteenth century whose only analogy in historical significance is the discovery of metals. "A circumstance respecting these ponds," he says in another passage but rarely quoted,

though by no means peculiar to them, I cannot pass over in silence; and that is, that instinct by which, in summer, all the kine, whether oxen, cows, calves or heifers, retire constantly to the water during its hotter hours; where, being more exempt from flies, and inhaling the coolness of that element, some belly deep, and some only to mid-leg, they ruminate and solace themselves from about ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, and then return to their feeding. During this great proportion of the day, they drop much dung, in which insects nestle; and so supply food for the fish, which would be poorly subsisted but for this contingency. Thus Nature, who is a great economist, converts the recreation of one animal to the support of another!

Undoubtedly, this is reading the lines of the "correlation of organisms," a vast system of interlinkages which

Darwin himself hardly probed to its full facts or philosophy, but which, all the same, is the most important enlightenment of Darwinism both for the future of the human race and a right understanding of the universe. White, too, knew something about adaptations (when he describes the perfect suitability of the organs of the Great Northern Diver to its needs); he dimly realized that "hunger and love" were the two great motive and mobile forces of the *systema Natura*; he understood that birds do not increase in spite of their prolificacy (if he had gone a step further and asked himself why, he might have strode a hundred years); he declared that "there is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation," which is a throw-forward to Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid"; and there are other examples. Nor is it true to say that White's vision of the natural world as on the whole a kind and smiling abode for happy beings was a virtue of temperament rather than a reflection of knowledge. Knowledge is useless and a curse to mankind and all life unless it be rightly interpreted, and because we have put the accent on the wrong word—on the "struggle" rather than the "existence," and again on Malthusian rather than actual Nature—we have no right whatever to blame White because he put his accent on the "existence," knowing very little of whence it came and whither it goes. The theory of incarnadined Nature's predacity, mercilessness and predominance of brutal force has done uncountable havoc and mischief in the world by presenting man with a moral certificate for his own rapacious exploitations; and if White regarded the face of natural life with a delight and love which lit it up and seemed to him to emanate from it, it may be that our further knowledge will (as it is already beginning to) corroborate what he divined and saw rather than knew.

The "Natural History of Selborne" is an inquiry into the "life and conversation of animals," and it would be a mistake to treat it as something different from itself—a record of field observations. There is little that is old-fashioned here, and the errors are a guarantee of the soundness and perspicuity of White's judgment. He never discovered that the swift is not a congener of the "hirundines" nor so much as the existence of the circl bunting, though it sings to this day in the little churchyard where he lies buried under a leaning tombstone hidden by the long grasses. He knew the sedge—that "delicate polyglot"—but not the reed warbler; the yellow wagtail and the whinchat, but not that they were migrants; and he is sorely tempted by the theory that martins and swallows pass the winter in crannies and holes and at the bottoms of ponds, a wildness of hypothesis he would not have entertained for a moment had he possessed an ABC knowledge of anatomy. And White was quite right to be puzzled about the sudden appearances of a few swallows and martins on a warm winter's day. In bulk his letters are indeed extraordinarily free of blunders and "howlers," and British zoology owes a great deal more to him than the discovery of the harvest mouse, as English literature owes a great deal more to him than an initiation into the mastery of letter-writing. Natural knowledge practically begins with Gilbert White, just as he is the first writer to convey it by means of a persuasive literary form.

This latter he owes as much to the accident of historical origin as to his genius, since the age of specialization, with its exclusive priesthood and oracles of jargon, had not yet possessed the field. The admirable little monographs he wrote on his darling "hirundines" are models both of accurate observation and precise language, and the literary man, the naturalist and the humanitarian might well join hands over his grave in homage to the ancestor of their common understanding, purposes and interests. The man who was "touched with a secret delight" to "observe with how much ardour and punctuality these poor little birds [swallows] obeyed the strong impulse towards migration" was a lover who acquired knowledge by the spur of his affections, who grew more fond by the increasing of his knowledge, and who fused his love and his knowledge by the power and subtlety of an appropriate artistic method.

White found out these secrets of life and expression by a kind of natural force and amiability of personality which gives distinction, weight, and discernment to his observations and an unforced balance and liveliness of movement to his polished style. To put a writer's lastingness down to his personality is rather begging the question, but in a peculiar way White's book is all the man and the whole man. No writer is less self-conscious and individualist, or more objective in the sense that his whole mind, heart and skill were devoted to revealing something quite outside himself. He seems to have had very little idea of his epistolary virtues, and in one letter to Pennant he writes with naïve charm:

On a retrospect, I observe that my long letter carries with it a quaint and magisterial air, and is very sententious, but . . . I hope you will pardon the didactic manner for the sake of the information it may happen to contain.

There was about as much self-importance in White as there was light-headedness in Timothy, his tortoise, and he is a standing example of the truth of the artistic axiom that he who shall lose his personality shall save it. Mr. W. H. Hudson, on paying a visit to Selborne, was reminded in a very beautiful piece of imaginative writing of Nicholas Culpepper's line—"His image stampèd is on every grass," and when I went to Selborne myself, before reading Mr. Hudson's account, I did feel his presence with extraordinary, almost physical, vividness. There is at any rate no doubt that "his image stampèd" is on every line of his work, limited as it is in scope and prosaic in temper, and the accomplishment of a man who hardly ever left the boundaries of his own sequestered parish. White, with his grave, courteous manner and in his lucid, composed idiom, told us all about a certain place, but that is by no means a corollary of the artistic genius of place. This is an immaterial thing, a spiritual endowment, and one feels it by an awareness of his presence in the shadows of the old churchyard yew as behind his workaday language. It is surely one of the wonders of art, embracing man and nature, the living and the dead, that the correspondence of this country stay-at-home should have made that parish a mental rambling haunt for the whole of the English-reading world, and more abiding and famous in story than a hundred battle-fields.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

Poetry

THE BLACKBIRD

Evening over fields of cloud
In sombre beauty came,
Washing the slumbering trees with mist
And the tall spires with flame.

Then from one of the still trees,
Like drops that run along
The glossy faces of green leaves,
Fell a blackbird's song;

And Memory opened dreaming eyes
And the pale ghosts stirred,
And heaven and earth went down before
The soft note of a bird.

For as the hidden blackbird spoke
Out of the misty tree,
One long and shining wave-crest broke
Along a secret sea.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

MARTHA CAFFREY

It must have been his name that stirred
My mind from slumber none too deep,
As waking in the night I heard
My sister talking in her sleep.

I could not catch what else she said
As I lay there with heart aflame,
Thinking about the newly-dead,
Wondering why she should breathe his name—

Why she should breathe his name who lay
Scarce colder in the grave than he,
Since our unlucky wedding-day,
Had ever shown himself to me.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

SPIRAT ADHUC

Tell me now is Love's day done?
Beauty as elect and rare
As when towns were trampled on
Lives to-day and takes the air,
Yet no amorous Triumvir
Throws the world and Rome away,
No one swims Abydos' bay,
Kings are not cast down, and none,
None begets the Moon and Sun.*

Do not let him hear your taunt!
Love's as strong to-day as when
Walls could not endure his brunt
And he broke the Trojan men;
He can do as much again:
Do not doubt him for an hour.
Test his pleasure, not his power:
Danger gives him no affront,
He is not cooled by Hellespont.

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY.

* The titles of Sun and Moon were added as the surnames of the twins Cleopatra bore to Antony (Plutarch).

REVIEWS

GOLDONI AND THE COMEDY OF MASKS

GOLDONI AND THE VENICE OF HIS TIME. By J. S. Kennard. (Macmillan. 31s. 6d. net.)

"FILS et peintre de la nature" was the tribute paid by Voltaire to Carlo Goldoni, and he went on to praise the great eighteenth-century comedy-writer of Venice for having "delivered his country from harlequins." Voltaire, unlike his fairy godson Renan, was a poor judge of any question involving nuances, whether it were Christianity or the Comedy of Masks. Goldoni's relation to the Italian *commedia dell'arte* is a more complex question than this utterance would suggest.

First, what was the *commedia dell'arte*? It was for a long while the fashion to suppose that this improvised comedy, played by the "Masks," that is to say those fantastic types familiar now to all lands—Arlecchino, Colombina, Pantalone, Pulcinella, Pierrot, Scaramouche, the Doctor, the Captain, and scores of others all carefully entomologized by Maurice Sand in his monumental "*Masques et Bouffons*"—was directly descended from the old Roman stage. To take the case of the first name in our list alone—Harlequin. It was discovered that Apuleius referred in a certain place to the *mimi centunculus*, the "motley of the mime"; that the Sicyonian religious dancers, belonging, it is true, to a different age and country, appeared *fuligine faciem obductam*, "with soot-smeared faces," and that Roman comedians, in distinction to the tragic actors with their high boots, were *planipedes*, flat-shod. Well, there is Harlequin for you, if you can believe it. We are sorry to find Dr. Kennard making even wilder plunges and babbling of "the German Herlen König" and "the French Harlequin"—who was, of course, imported directly from Italy with the travelling troupes of the Renaissance epoch.

Two or three simple observations would have disposed of this phantasmagoria. For one thing, Arlecchino was always connected with Bergamo, and not with ancient Rome; secondly, any print of an early Harlequin shows that the patchwork of his costume represented just old clothes; and, thirdly, Goldoni himself called attention to the fact that even in his day the hare's tail which Harlequin used to wear in his hat was still the usual ornament of the Bergomask peasant. The same criticism can usually be applied to attempts to give classical derivations of the other Masks, and we shall do well to accept the hint given us by Miss Winifred Smith in her recent excellent essay on "*The Commedia dell'Arte*," and not go much further back than the beginning of the sixteenth century for this splendid offshoot of popular mumming. "There, overflowing with life, alternately shouting and tumbling with vulgar strength, and posturing and singing with exquisite grace, the genius of the people expressed itself through the drama as freely and variously as did the English spirit under Elizabeth fifty years later."

Commedia dell'arte means simply professional acting as contrasted with the amateur performances so common in the palaces of the Renaissance nobility. The latter gave rise to the *commedia sostenuta*, the continuously-written comedy, the literary drama, distinguished from the improvised dialogues of the popular buffoons. Here, certainly, classical influences may be traced, for Terence and Plautus are deliberately imitated. Yet here, too, all merges in confusion. "Never was the irony of definition-making better illustrated," observes Miss Smith, "than by the fact that the oldest scenario of the 'professional' Italian comedy records a play given by

amateurs." The buffoons from the village and the town were admitted (like Bottom and his troupe) to play interludes in the palaces of the great—nay, to provide the low-comedy scenes in the learned dramas. They came, they saw, they copied. Their managers—a Bedico, a Calmo—began to write; the note-books of the players themselves began to fill with stock speeches for use in any play. Thus was formed the *commedia dell'arte* of its golden years in the seventeenth century, a blend of homely fun performed (why should we spare the word?) by "gagging" comedians and Terentian love-scenes sighed through by Lelios, Orazios, Isabellas and Flaminius in language of the most elegant euphuism.

On the civilization of eighteenth-century Venice and the state of the theatre there when Goldoni grew to manhood about 1730, some notes were given in an article called "Venice Decayed," which appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for November 21, 1919. We may here take the liberty of quoting a few lines from Vernon Lee's famous essay on Goldoni, in her "Eighteenth Century in Italy," which give an admirable synthesis of the milieu in which he found himself:

The Comedy of Masks, gradually degraded into puppet and acrobat performances by the music of Naples and the della Cruscan purism of Tuscany, was in full force at Venice; indeed its characters had become gradually reduced to the four Venetian Masks—Pantalone, Arlecchino, Brighella and the Doctor. Venice, where the mask and domino were habitually worn for several months in the year; where high-born nuns frizzled their hair, and invited their friends to see harlequinades and to dance *furlane* in convent refectories; where the people crowded round story-tellers and extemporary poets under the Palace arches; Venice, whose whole superficial life was a profane farce, was the natural home of the *commedia dell'arte*.

Are we then to conclude from Voltaire's remark, and from the furious diatribes of Gozzi and Baretti and the other enemies of Goldoni, that he, the most sensitive of all writers to the currents of popular opinion, deliberately planned to suppress the Masks, to change the whole character of the *commedia dell'arte*, and substitute for the national comedy of Italy an insipid naturalism forced with French sentiment? A little discrimination, we think, will show that he proposed nothing of the sort.

Goldoni points out the motives of his reforms pretty clearly in his "*Mémoires*." He complains, to begin with, of the whole tradition of masked actors. What kind of subtlety in the portrayal of the emotions was possible for an actor with his face hidden by a flap of black leather? "C'est toujours le même cuir qui se montre," an absolute bar to the improvement of comedy-acting and a direct incitement to horse-play and gross buffoonery. Secondly, while it was most important that comedy should be popular, it was superfluous for it to be always vulgar. What were the stock characters of the old-fashioned masked comedy? "Des pères dupés, des fils débauchés, des filles amoureuses, des valets fripons, des servantes corrompues." It was time to get out of this noisome rut. Lastly, though we do not know that he anywhere explicitly mentions it, he must have been aware as a habitual playgoer and practised man of the theatre that the impromptu is always as old as the Ark. It was a question whether he was to write his own fresh and sparkling dialogue for each play or allow the actors to polish up yet once again the *lazzi* inherited from father to son—well, perhaps since the days of the *planipedes*. Goldoni's problem, in short, was to preserve the indispensable elasticity of the *commedia dell'arte* as the comic interpretation of the life of the day from the ankylosis of outworn stage tradition.

He proceeded by degrees. In the plays of his opening period he was well content to let the Masks work on their conventional lines, while he devoted himself to giving life and individuality to the lovers, to the lay figures

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Rosaura and Ottavio, Orazio and Beatrice. We get such accustomed titles as "Le Trentadue Disgrazie d'Arlecchino" and "Il Servitore di Due Padroni." Then follow plays in which the Masks remain, indeed, in name, but are brought as it were into the picture of contemporary Venetian life. The black vizards went by the board, and Pantalone no longer appeared in a society of powder and patches wearing scarlet tights and Turkish slippers, as a burgher of the age of Shylock. Ultimately, perhaps, Goldoni foresaw the complete disappearance of the name and the type of all four Masks, because they were no longer an adequate framework for his infinitely varied and delicate portraiture. Why be content with one heavy father and two roguish servants when he could create a different person in each play for all three *emplois*? It has often been noted that the more Goldoni abandoned the machinery of the *commedia dell'arte* the more fully he yet seemed to give the essential flavour of it. That was natural, as he was simply enriching it with scores of new types, and with etchings of the life of Venice and of Italy in general of a delicacy and faithfulness that had never yet been equalled, unless, indeed, as Dr. Kennard suggests, by Machiavelli. The spirit of the *commedia dell'arte* is not contained in a property-box or a list of conventions and characters; *commedia dell'arte* is, at bottom, simply criticism of the life of the day from the standpoint of the people. No one was better qualified to voice this criticism than Goldoni, a man of the middle-class, whose wandering and adventurous life had brought him in touch with the highest and lowest forms of the society of his day.

"Goldoni and his Venice: each the interpretation of the other; each the reflection of the other," we read on the cover of Dr. Kennard's volume. Certainly the Venice which Goldoni mirrors is sufficiently eccentric and incredible without the old masked figures of buffoonery. It is enough to take his treatment of the *cavaliere servente*, the licensed male friend of the married woman, doomed by his lot to endure beneath his stately periwig and embroidered waistcoat the trials of the Egyptian desert monk. Listen to Don Rodrigo's lofty sermon to his lady, Donna Eleanora:

Don R.: . . . I do not deny that even the purest heart may be assaulted by dangerous and dishonest ideas, but then by means of some opportune diversion they can be stopped, as by starting to do something, or calling a servant.

Donna El.: Colombina!
Or Donna Claudia furious that her *cavaliere* Don Alonso will not help her to scold her lackey Brighella:

D. A.: No, that is your husband's duty.
D. Cl.: My husband takes no care of such things. He may be taking care of them in some other place; but here, in my house, it is your duty to keep my servants in good order.

Gilbert never imagined such a situation, yet it was part of the regular order of things in Goldoni's Italy.

Goldoni, who was a scamp, but a most innocent and childish one, represents the reaction of honest *bourgeois* Venetian sentiment against the society of dilettante and debauched patricians, of rogues, card-sharpers, and purveyors of illegitimate pleasure, that was hastening the dissolution of the Venetian State. Feudalism, militarism, duelling; the loosening of family bonds, the abuse of gaming, the perversion of his own honourable first profession of *Avvocato* to dishonest ends—all these characteristics of a worm-eaten social order are the target of Goldoni's myriad shafts. How much he preferred the grave and honest merchants whose peaceful existence made a *vie de province* in the heart of the city of Carnival; how much he preferred their sedate daughters with their black veils and modest glances, and the pert little serving-maids with their lace caps and aprons! Ah! yes. Especially those adorable *soubrettes*!

Colombina!

THE TROUT ARE RISING

THE TROUT ARE RISING IN ENGLAND AND SOUTH AFRICA: A BOOK FOR SLIPPED EASE. By B. Bennion ("B. B." of the *Field*). (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

SINCE the days of Walton and Cotton fishermen have been gentle and pleasant company. No branch of sport has had devotees kindlier, suaver, more companionable. Mr. Bennion, as is well known to readers of the *Field*, is worthy of his title in this respect. There is a friendly and attractive note in this unpretentious little book, which will indeed serve to pass pleasantly a few quiet hours of "slipped ease" and as an admirable companion for a fishing holiday. Mr. Bennion is pleasant to follow as he moves along the banks of Severn and its tributaries, the streams of Dartmoor, or up on the Border, on the Esk, in the valley of the Ettrick. He has an eye for country and a charming fashion of describing riverside scenery in the homeliest words, which succeed in conveying faithfully the most delicate of impressions. In this he is aided by some of the most beautiful and perfectly reproduced photographs we remember to have seen.

But, excellent as he is on British trout-fishing, and valuable as are his hints to "ingenuous youth," in the phrase of a lecturer on another sport, the chief importance of his book lies in its chapters on fishing in South Africa. Trout were not indigenous in the Union, and their history there, if short, is romantic. Their acclimatization did not begin in the Cape and Natal till the eighties, yet to-day brown trout, rainbows and Loch Levens are wide-spread, plentiful and flourishing. The Transvaal made a start in 1903, and now the Orange River Colony has followed suit. And it is satisfactory to learn that in the struggle for existence with the native "scaly" the dashing invader is having the best of it. There are certain precautions necessary for fishing in South Africa. In some of the Transvaal streams are crocodiles, which make wading dangerous, but there is apparently little risk from the brutes if the fisherman stands three feet away from the water's edge. Then, leggings or long field-boots are advisable as a protection against snakes. But that, after all, applies to most open-air pursuits in South Africa, whether of work or pleasure.

Mr. Bennion is, perhaps, least satisfactory when in humorous mood, though he has some good stories. One of the best—not relating to fishing, but told after a good day, in the smoking-room—is of the town-crier of a little Welsh town who had to announce the loss of six sheep by a farmer. He cried his news first of all in Welsh, then translated it into English: "This is to give notice that Farmer — has lost six sheeps; not the sheeps that sails on the seas, look you! but the sheeps that you see feeding on the grasses!"

And there is, of course, one of those fine, full-blooded "fishing stories" without which no volume such as this would be complete. It is told of a famous fly-fisherman, Mr. Marston:

He had risen a trout and was playing it, when a pike dashed out at it. Mr. Marston was master of the situation. Skilfully and patiently he played both pike and trout—though the trout was a comparative infant, and helpless at that, and eventually he landed both. The pike weighed twelve pounds, the trout one and a half pounds. The gut used was 2x. A double trophy in a glass case—the May-fly still in the trout's mouth, the trout still in the pike's mouth, just as when they were landed—now bears testimony to a very remarkable feat, which only a very clever angler could have accomplished. . . . Not many of us, I'm thinking, need order a glass case in advance for pike and trout of these dimensions, to be caught under such circumstances!

We agree with our author. This has the real flavour. It is such a story as reduces the fox-hunter, the shooter of "rocketing" pheasants, the cricketer and the golfer to silence and awe.

LUSO-INDIA

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HISTORY OF THE PORTUGUESE IN BENGAL. By J. J. A. Campos.
(Calcutta and London, Butterworth & Co. 6 rupees 8 annas.)

"WHAT the Devil brought you here?" exclaimed an astonished Moorman. It was at Calicut in the year 1498, and he had encountered a Portugee. "We have come for Christians and spices," the Portugee said, and his reply was not less impressive because he happened to be a convict. He had just rounded the Cape of Good Hope with Vasco da Gama—the first to strike India from the south-west, and to bring to it new ideals and activities. From the Moorman's point of view the Devil had indeed brought him, an apparition most disquieting for Islam. Thanks to the Mameluke Kingdom in Egypt and to the powers of the Turks and the Persians in Asia, India had seemed blocked against Christian enterprise, yet here were the Portuguese, already so troublesome elsewhere, sailing out of the unknown seas to it, convicts and all. The Moorman felt exactly as we do to-day, when Bolshevism threatens India through Afghanistan. The ocean had failed him, as the mountains us. He realized with disgust that God's barriers are inadequate, and that India is the perquisite of no one creed or trade.

In a few years the search for Christians and spices was in full swing. The former were not difficult to find, as long as the Portuguese, anticipating advanced modern missionaries, believed that Hinduism was a debased form of Christianity, and derived the Trimurti from the Trinity. Trade was secured by counter-attacking Islam from the south: victories in the Red Sea crushed the naval power of Egypt, and the capture of Ormus secured the Persian Gulf. It was then that Duarte Barbosa lived, the Portuguese official whose book the Hakluyt Society is now translating. He went to India in the first rush of excitement, and his account of the country is extraordinarily vivid and fresh. He saw umbrellas that opened and shut, and women hanging on hooks. In the peninsula of Gujarat he observed the habits of the Jains, and in the south the phallic worship of Siva. Some of the customs that he describes—e.g. Suttee—are extinct, but others, like the chewing of betel, still continue. His account of betel is worth quoting—it gives some idea of his accuracy:

The betel is as broad as the leaf of the plantain herb and like it in shape. It grows on an ivy-like tree, and also climbs over other trees, which are enveloped in it. It yields no fruit, but only a very aromatic leaf, which throughout India is habitually chewed by both men and women, night and day, in public places and roads by day and in bed by night, so that their chewing thereof has no pause. This leaf is mixed with a small fruit (seed) called *areca*, and before eating it they cover it with moistened lime (made from mussel and cockle shells), and having wrapped up these two things with the betel leaf, they chew it, swallowing the juice only. It makes the mouth red and the teeth black.

No one could describe betel like this who had not chewed it personally, and it is here that Barbosa has an advantage over our own officials to-day. They never chew betel—it would not be *pukka*—and to tell them that one has chewed it oneself requires moral courage. They are in India not to live but to rule, and in consequence their experiences are curtailed, and their powers of observation atrophied, whereas Barbosa, less conscious of his destiny, could share the life of the people. The Portuguese (as Mr. Campos points out in his painstaking monograph on Bengal) had, indeed, little "egotism of race" and readily consorted with the indigenes. Most of the Eurasian population of to-day descends from them, and the Goanese waiters on a P. and O., all so black and so similar, but all Roman Catholics, are the results of the enterprise that began in 1498.

With Ormus and Goa as two pillars of their power and Malacca as the third, the Portuguese ran up a vast but temporary Empire, which trimmed the Indian coast and even extended to China. It stood so long as they commanded the seas, and so long as India did not gather herself together, and shake the intruders off her hide. The seas were lost to the Dutch and the English at the beginning of the seventeenth century; India gathered herself together under the Moguls. Under the double attack the Portuguese Empire fell, having flourished for scarcely a century, and leaving behind it an impression that is rather difficult to analyse. It is not heroic, despite the epic of Camoens. But it showed Europe how the farther East might be exploited, and how, by circumnavigating the barrier of Islam, new markets might open for the missionary and the trader. The other nations learned the lesson, we most fully of all, and our Raj to-day is an immense expansion of the principle of trading-ports introduced by Albuquerque.

E. M. F.

THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PHILOSOPHY. By W. R. Sorley, Litt.D.
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Professor Sorley in his preface recognizes the dilemma that the standpoint must be adopted either of the historian or of the philosophers themselves: "The former method concentrates upon the essential, but it is liable to miss historical proportion by stressing certain features and overlooking others. The latter keeps in close touch with the documents, but care is needed to prevent the meaning of the whole from being obscured by details." It is, then, with his eyes open to all its difficulties that he chooses the second alternative.

To a great extent the aridity of histories of philosophy is common to the histories of other theoretic activities—of science, of literature, of art. All such histories are valueless to one who has not already an acquaintance with the science, the literature, the art which they epitomize; while to one who has such an acquaintance they are apt to seem tediously brief. In all these realms the only satisfactory history is the monograph. Why this should be less strikingly true of history pure and simple, the history of political and social changes (though even here there is no such good reading as biographies), it is hard to say. A lively account of men's aims and actions, success or failure, and of the happiness or misery which they entailed, may make us long to have shared their experiences, but is at least the best we can attain. Such contemplation is at all events something other, and in its way not less valuable, than the practical life itself. But a relation, as distinct from a thoroughgoing criticism, of men's artistic creations or intellectual opinions seems valueless except as an index, a fleshless skeleton, of those beliefs and creations themselves. The historian, who must be something of an artist, can recreate for us the activities and the emotions which compose the practical lives of men. Only in the very works of the poets and thinkers can we recreate or live over again their artistic and intellectual activities;

and what has not been so recreated cannot be profitably criticized.

A man's practical life, moreover, takes its essential quality from that causal sequence of events in which it has its being and where history finds itself at home. A philosophical system or work of art, though historical scholarship is necessary to its sympathetic appreciation, must, in the end, be judged for its intrinsic truth or beauty apart from any temporal occasions and conditions.

All these objections gain in force as against a history of national philosophy. Some delimitation of the field is necessary in every work, and in general history the nation has hitherto been the natural unit, though a decreasingly satisfactory one. In literature, too, the vehicle of expression is a national language, and art has been in the past much influenced by local schools and traditions; in philosophy, almost as much as in science, the heroes, as philosophers, are citizens of the world.

Of these considerations some were suggested and some confirmed by Professor Sorley's excellent book. The parts of it which will probably be most instructive to the student are the very full bibliography (pp. 322-373), ranging from Sir Thomas More to R. L. Nettleship, and the comparative chronological table (pp. 303-321) from Bacon's Essays to the death of Queen Victoria. The parts which are most interesting are those at the other extreme, where the author is carried away by personal interest into something like a portrait of the man rather than an abstract of his opinions. Mill's autobiography offered obvious material for such treatment, which has been used with admirable sympathy, and Bentham also gains a living personality scarcely to be found in his writings, while some lesser figures are rescued from the obscurity of mere names. The disproportionate space allowed to the bare summaries of minor writers is defensible on the ground that the greater can only be treated adequately in monograph, but it remains surprising that Butler, the greatest English moralist, should be dismissed in less than three pages, fewer than those allowed to John Toland.

A criticism more directed to principle might be made on the exclusion of unsystematic writers whose influence on philosophy has sometimes been greater than that of professed philosophers. It is with the former, perhaps, that a history of philosophy might most aptly deal, since a biography would give little attention to their philosophy, which, on the other hand, may scarcely justify a monograph. Professor Sorley pleads that only the strictest parsimony has confined his subject to one volume; but surely the pages given to political economy, a topic not obviously philosophical, might have been released for some account of Coleridge, who is only incidentally praised, of Burke, who is only mentioned as a critic of Price, or even of Addison and Ruskin. It is indeed curious that no mention is made in the body of the book (except a casual allusion under Hutcheson) to aesthetics, in which English philosophers till the end of the eighteenth century held a leading place, and profoundly influenced the work of Kant and the other great Germans.

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A SLENDER VEIN

BY THE WAY. By Lady Alice Eyre. (Nisbet & Co. 6s. net.)

BOOKS such as this are becoming rare to-day. The critic and essayist has never had a harder task to make himself heard for the space of more than a week, unless he be possessed of the lungs and gift of bawling through a megaphone platitudes about the latest fashionable poets and novelists, for the benefit of those seeking culture in a hurry, which belong to—well, which belong to the only critic who appears to be a popular success at the moment. Lady Alice Eyre's note is quieter, will, indeed, be scarce audible to ears deafened by the voice of the gentleman in question. But the note is pleasant; She deals with a variety of subjects, literary, historical, and æsthetic; but whether writing of Rostand's "Chantecler," Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," Mistral's "Mireille," of the friendship of La Fontaine and Madame de la Sablière, of Mademoiselle Aïssé, the beautiful Circassian who played such a part in Paris society in the early eighteenth century, or on such subjects as "Genius," "Taste," and "Pleasure," shows signs of wide reading, of delicate perception and understanding. We like her best when she is treading paths comparatively little known, when dealing, for example, with the life of Mademoiselle Aïssé, friend of Madame du Deffand and of Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, mistress of the Chevalier d'Aydie till her conscience—a strange growth in that age and society, and in the breast of a girl who belonged to a race whose women have always been made slaves for their beauty's sake—forced her to send him away.

She makes an interesting comparison between Mary of Scotland and Marie Antoinette, "the two queens in modern history who bear the triple crown of charm, beauty and misfortune." But she does not note the fact that in each ran the blood of Lorraine, or that, if a third woman of the same race, far more romantic, though of peasant birth, be added, we have a triad that has, perhaps, more than any other inspired the mingled admiration and pity of mankind. We remember the vision of Maurice Barrès in his "Hill of Inspiration":

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Well, we have always felt that insufficient justice has been done by "Intellectuals" to the art of Rostand, an art that despite, or because of, its occasional flamboyancy has the stuff of pure romance in it. We will grant that he was a great poet, even, though with some hesitation. But he was great neither as thinker nor as seer, still less the greatest thinker and seer among French poets. We do not trust ourselves to speak of the comparison she makes on the next page, because that would seem to reduce to sheer absurdity a book which has given us pleasure, and which we believe will give pleasure to others. But we would humbly direct her attention to another poet, who died in the first, not the fourth, year of the world-war. He was a thinker and a seer, and it seems probable that posterity will acclaim him a great poet to boot. We have, as we write, his photograph before us—a little, sturdy countryman with a thick dark beard, in untidy officer's uniform. His name was Charles Péguy. C. F.

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THE CONCEPT OF NATURE

THE CONCEPT OF NATURE. *Tarner Lectures delivered in Trinity College, November, 1919.* By A. N. Whitehead. (Cambridge University Press. 14s. net.)

IN the present course of lectures, and in the earlier book entitled "An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Natural Knowledge," Professor Whitehead has made an extraordinarily interesting attempt to build up a theory of Time and Space, starting from those characteristics of Nature which are immediately posited for knowledge by sense-awareness. He has endeavoured to avoid all illegitimate sophistication at the outset, and to build up from this pure raw material a space-time theory which shall be consonant with the ideas of Relativity, that is, shall exhibit space-time as a four-dimensional manifold, and allow for the existence of local spaces and local times.

We start with what is immediately present for sense-awareness; this is called by Professor Whitehead an "event"; it is the whole occurrence of nature, and we are immediately aware of it as something essentially passing. We discriminate this total event into partial events, e.g., "We are aware of an event which is our bodily life, of an event which is the course of nature within this room, and of a vaguely perceived aggregate of other partial events." Sense-awareness also yields other factors which are not events; for instance, sky-blue. We see sky-blue as situated in a certain event. Now here, at the very beginning of the investigation, the reader is apt to go wrong unless he understands that, to Professor Whitehead, everything which is perceived is regarded as existing in nature, and therefore, in this sense, stands on an equal footing. It is the more difficult to understand this the more one has read of philosophy, for it is an essential part of Dr. Whitehead's case that Greek thought influenced philosophy to take a wrong path, and that the current ideas concerning "matter" are thereby vitiated. These current ideas are accordingly discussed by Dr. Whitehead at the beginning, in his chapter called *Theories of Bifurcation in Nature*. To Dr. Whitehead colours and sounds, for example, are as much in nature as are electrons and electric waves; he will not admit any theory of "psychic additions." He will not admit a "causal nature" which, acting on our minds, gives rise to the "apparent nature" of our immediate perception. The method of his brilliant attack is to push the theory to its ultimate consequences. As he says: "The substantial reason for rejecting a philosophical theory is the 'absurdum' to which it reduces us." But, having produced his "absurdum," Dr. Whitehead realizes that he has to solve the problem of relating within the same system of entities such things as the redness of a fire and the agitation of its molecules.

Having dismissed a causal nature and with it absolute space and absolute time, Dr. Whitehead recurs to his pure raw material and proceeds to build up a theory of time. He obviously cannot proceed by creating an "instant." We are never aware of nature at an "instant"; our most transitory glimpse occupies a finite time, and if we are to define nature at an instant it must be done in terms of genuine natural entities. What we are immediately aware of is a duration, that is, all nature present for a period, and we are aware of this as essentially passing. As the method of obtaining a time series from this material illustrates a type of reasoning which is used throughout the book, we may briefly reproduce it. One duration may extend over another. For instance, a duration of one minute extends over the thirtieth second of that minute. It is this property of extension which is exhibited in the continuity of nature. There is no atomic structure for durations, for every duration is part of other durations, and every duration has other durations which are part of

it. In order to get at a moment of time we start with a set of durations which has the properties: (1) of any two members of the set, one contains the other as a part, and (2) there is no duration which is a common part of every member of the set. We can thus imagine this series of durations arranged in an order of decreasing magnitude; this series has no last member as otherwise (2) would be violated. Neither can it converge towards a duration as a limit, for the same reason. Such a set is called by Dr. Whitehead an "abstractive set," and it is evident that as we pass along it we approach the ideal of a moment, i.e., the ideal of all nature with no temporal extension. But this ideal is a nonentity; it is not a duration and it is not the limit of an abstractive set. What the abstractive set has in fact done is to guide the mind to the consideration of the increasing simplicity of natural relations as smaller and smaller durations are envisaged. Now this is valuable because the quantitative expressions of these natural relations do converge to limits. Accordingly these limits are the laws of nature "at an instant," although in truth there is no nature at an instant. Thus, by this process, we have reached a concept fundamental in science without departing from the pure deliverance of sense-awareness.

In this reasoning we have made an application of what Dr. Whitehead calls the Method of Extensive Abstraction. We have found, in the above example, that an abstractive set may indicate the limiting character of natural relations; this limiting character is called the "intrinsic character" of the set. The "equality" of abstractive sets is defined, and the whole group of such abstractive sets is called an abstractive element. Every abstractive set belonging to the same element converges to the same intrinsic character, and thus an abstractive element may be regarded as a group of routes of approximation to a definite intrinsic character. We have seen how that class of abstractive elements called moments is arrived at. Moments which belong to one family form a temporal series, and we have only to allow the existence of different families of moments for there to be alternative temporal series such as are demanded by Relativity. A somewhat more complicated application of the method results in building up space, and we find that the character of space depends on the character of time. Space is not finally discriminated from time, and there remains the possibility of diverse modes of discrimination according to the diverse circumstances of observers. The apparent paradoxes of Relativity thus find entry.

Professor Whitehead has worked out a theory of Relativity on the basis of these results which is, in many respects, different from Einstein's, although the mathematical methods of Einstein had to be employed. These results, however, are merely alluded to in the present book, and such references are not sufficient to permit of any comparison of the two theories. Problems of motion and congruence are illuminated by Dr. Whitehead's analysis of space and time; and the lectures close with a chapter on Objects, meaning by objects elements in nature which do not pass. A discussion of these entities leads to several very interesting results, of which we may mention one that concerns "scientific objects," such as electrons. Such objects are systematic correlations of the characters of all events throughout nature; an electron, for instance, is simply the systematic way in which all events are modified as the expression of its "ingression." The rival theories of action at a distance and by transmission through a medium are therefore both incomplete, and the way in which both theories are to be understood is illuminated.

If we may be permitted to criticize Dr. Whitehead's exposition of his theory, we suggest that more "illustrations" of the meanings of the formal statements should

be given. The absence of mathematical symbols removes one barrier to the general intelligibility of the theory, and we think that a slightly less consistently abstract treatment would remove another, although, it must be confessed, the present treatment has an austere beauty of its own. A logician of Dr. Whitehead's calibre does not always appreciate the advantage of "examples" in rendering abstract statements intelligible to the ordinary mind. But to the reader who is willing to make the necessary effort, the book may be commended as an original and stimulating analysis of those fundamental ideas which have come into such general prominence as a result of the theory of Relativity. S.

THE PROBLEM OF TRANSLATION

EARLY THEORIES OF TRANSLATION. By Flora Ross Amos, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in the College for Women, Western Reserve University. (New York: Columbia University Press; London, Milford. 8s. 6d. net.)

SOME readers may feel, though it would be rather unreasonable to do so, a certain disappointment with Dr. Flora Amos' book, perhaps all the more so because one apparent cause of such disappointment, when removed, gives place to another. "Theories of translation" suggests a very good subject indeed; but the incorrigible spirit of objection may say, "Why limit to 'early'?" But Dr. Amos has not allowed herself to be very strictly restricted to this part of her title. She goes in actual chapter-heading as far as Pope; and her final pages contain at least citations from Matthew Arnold and Andrew Lang. Still, the carper, to some extent disarmed here, may pick up his weapon again, alleging that few of the early translators have any "theories" at all, being as a rule occupied with the question of the difference of the two languages with which they are concerned, the supposed authority for their matter and the like. But there is no need to pursue this line of comment. Undoubtedly, as Dr. Amos' story goes on, her title-subject acquires more substance; and even in regard to the earlier part, the greater one's knowledge of the literature dealt with, the more likely one is to approve the care and reading which she displays. But perhaps it may be more profitable to say a few words on the general subject itself than to harp and carp on individual instances and utterances of our author's.

It is, of course, not at all surprising that the real problem or problems of translation should hardly have dawned upon mediæval translators. They had practically no help from the ancients, the older rhetoric dealing—Greek not at all, and Latin very slightly, with the matter. With rare exceptions, which Dr. Amos will give the student due help in discovering, the mediæval translator found quite sufficient to occupy him in the matter of his text as above stated and the difficulties of rendering it. Even when a man like Osborn Bokenam (duly referred to here, p. 43) did disclaim "proceding artifical" at considerable length, the inevitable humility as to "Gower, Chaucer and Lydgate" shows how conventional the thing is. And much earlier—when the translator of "Partonope of Blois" very calmly admits (v. p. 32) that sometimes he understands naught of his author's intent, and at other times finds the labour too great, and must refer the curious to the French book—it would clearly be idle to credit him with any "theory." Scarcely at all till the sixteenth century, and then successively in reference to the translation of the Bible, of the classics, and of contemporary foreign literature, did theory interpose before or arise out of practice. Of all these three stages the book contains a good account. But even then it was very slowly that what Dr. Amos well calls "a statement even on a small scale of what translation ought to be" suggested itself to him as something that he ought to make up his mind about.

One is not sure—though naturally instances of over-fidelity and over-looseness are as old as translation itself—that anybody before Chapman (pp. 130-31) had thoroughly realized the opposition of "word-for-word traduction" and "aspiring to reach the spirit that was spent in his example." And it would not be quite rash to claim for Dryden (who, though Dr. Amos has to deal frequently with him, might perhaps have had still fuller treatment if he was treated at all) the position of the first English writer and translator of great mark who looked at the thing steadily and as a whole, conceiving and carrying out a theory of what he had to do and meant to do with it.

Whether it was the absolutely right theory is no doubt quite a different question, best answered or parried by the very obvious remark that there are at least three different objects which the translator may have before him, and the attainment of each of which may be satisfactory in its measure and degree. You may wish to set before your reader the nearest possible equivalent, in good English, of what the author actually says in his own language. You may (and this was Dryden's wish and Pope's object) aim at making English readers enjoy as much as possible the gist of what he says. Or you may, taking a hint from Longinus, and aiming highest of all, endeavour to fashion something which, if the author had been an English poet or prose-writer, he might, without diverging at all in spirit or too much in language, have written on the subject. Probably most would accept Davies and Vaughan's "Republic," Pope's "Homer," and FitzGerald's "Rubáiyat" as crucial instances of the three methods. Which is the absolutely best of these three it is impossible to say, because the kinds are different. The *phronimos* must decide for himself. Their respective theories might be discussed at any length; but Dr. Amos' researches must always be useful, not least in sparing others from unnecessary labour in some of the unfruitful parts of the field.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE CHARTERED MILLIONS: RHODESIA AND THE CHALLENGE TO THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH. By John H. Harris. (Swarthmore Press. 15s. net.)—Mr. Harris, who has an indictment to bring before the not too interested public, shows restraint. He started his book determined to avoid the "stinging word and the burning phrase." He succeeds. This is not a book one gambols through. He gives the facts merely. It may not be the best method of keeping the attention of the "ordinary reader." The ordinary reader is less likely to be held by the politics of Africa than by Mr. Harris's too brief discussion of the problem of who built the ancient cities of Rhodesia. Drought, fevers, dear living and the Chartered Company are among the visitations which prevent Rhodesia from being a pleasant land. What could be expected but failure for the savage Matabele when, against the social conception of the Chartered Company, they could oppose only the queer principle that land, like rain and sunlight, was common property? Mr. Harris shows that the boast of the Chartered Company that it brought Rhodesia under the British flag has no truth in it. It was the treaty of peace and amity obtained from Lobengula by S. S. Moffat that did this. It was not till two years later that the British South Africa Company obtained its Charter. The Company's history is not all black, says Mr. Harris, but he does not draw attention to any white streaks. It is important to bear in mind that although the Charter conferred very large privileges it did not give any administrative powers within the territories it covered, unless these could be obtained from the native rulers themselves. Mr. Harris satisfies the unbiased reader that the first step to political reform in Rhodesia must be the ending of the Royal Charter.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

ISLAND TALES. By Jack London. (Mills & Boon. 7s. 6d. net.)

ON the back cover of "Island Tales" there is a list of thirty-four of Jack London's books which are to be had in a cheap edition. To read the titles is to get a curiously vivid idea of their author, of not only the kind of thing he liked to write about, but even of the way in which he approached his subject. "Children of the Frost," "When God Laughs," "The Cruise of the Dazzler," "The Little Lady of the Big House," "A Son of the Sun"—they conjure up an impression of a simple-hearted teller of tales who has been up and down the world, who has a fondness for Nature in her extreme moods, and is by no means devoid of sentimentality. We feel as we glance down that long list that here was a genial, warm-blooded fellow, who liked a name to be a name, a snowstorm to be a snowstorm and a man to be a hero. He is one of those writers who win the affection of their readers—who are, in themselves, the favourite book. But this very affection which he inspired is a something sentimental. That which prevented Jack London from ever being one of the real adventurers, the real explorers and rebels, was his heart; there was always the moment when his heart went to his head and he was carried away by passions which were immensely appropriate to the occasion, but which suffered from a histrionic tinge. Then his simplicity, smothered under a torrent of puffed-up words, obscured the firm outlines upon which his story relied, and we were left with the vaguely uncomfortable sensations of those to whom an "appeal" has been made.

Jack London at his best was the author of "White Fang." From the first chapter we step straight into the book. There is the immense snowy landscape, spread out unruffled, empty as far as they can see except for the sled, the straining dogs, the two tiny creatures who urge them on, and, as the quick dusk thickens, the moving shapes of shadow which howl after them. In describing at length the hateful fight that went on and on, in making us watch with the tiny creatures and fear for them, in keeping the issue so uncertain that we cannot afford to take our eyes off those starving beasts for a second, the author prepares us for his story. For the first chapter is only a prologue—a taste of what wolves are like, a "now you know what wolves can be," which precedes the life-story from the birth to the fullness of years of that most beguiling animal, White Fang. White Fang, fat little cub, tumbling through the fourth wall of his mother's cave and rolling in the sun, is hard to resist. The strange, especial tenderness that men and women feel for small animals is called forth by every fresh activity of this infant wolf, and it is astonishing to what extent he becomes for us an individual creature, a wolf that we could pick out from among other wolves. Only when the love-master (unfortunate, characteristic appellation) comes along and has succeeded in making a kind of *Oberhund* of him does the image begin to blur. There are no human beings in "White Fang," except those as seen through a wolf-dog's eyes—simplifications of human beings, and that is why it is so successful.

When we turn to "Island Tales" we cannot help regretting that the gleaners have been so busy in the field where such a teeming crop has been reaped. For there is not a single story in it which is better than the average magazine supplies. True, his admirers would recognize them as having come from the Jack London shop; but they are machine-made, ready-to-read tales which depend for their novelty upon the originality of the Hawaiian ornament. It is a little sad to notice the effect of this ambrosial climate upon his style of writing. Words became hyphenated, bedecked, sentences were spun out until the whole reminded one of the wreaths—the "Leis" or love-tokens—that the

gentle savages love to hang about their necks. And then the Hawaiian greeting, "Arms around," as he describes it so often and with such delight, was no antidote to his sentimentality. It would not, however, be fair to judge him by this book. But it does confirm us in the opinion that his salvation lay in wolves, snow, hardship and toil.

K. M.

A WITTY SENTIMENTALIST

IN THE MOUNTAINS. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is not difficult to decide who is the author of "In the Mountains," and the absence of difficulty is part of the proof that it is a good book. Individuality is hard to come by nowadays, and it covers a multitude of sins, as Uncle Rudolph found when he proposed (on about the last page) to Dolly. The sins to be covered by this author's individuality are none of them very big ones—the worst being a trick of invoking the amorphous God of modern optimism to give an air of seriousness and weight to things that do not really need it. "Nothing in winter," she writes, describing her mountains, "but the ineffable cold smell of what, again for want of a better word, I can only describe as God." The God who comes in to help one out of a literary emergency is a fairly familiar figure nowadays; but we don't like him any the better for that. And we like him the less when he interferes, as he occasionally does in this book, with the expression of individuality we do like.

And how delightful the author of "In the Mountains" can be! To her wit and whimsy is added an irrepressible, palpable delight, which one can feel and share, in the airs and graces of writing. She has a delicate pen that lovingly shapes her phrase, and an instinct that keeps it true to experience, "as though one were writing a letter to somebody who loves one, and who will want to know, with the sweet eagerness and solicitude of love, what one does and what the place one is in looks like." That is not the whole of her, by any means; there is a detachment and a touch of worldly wisdom added to a *fond* of femininity that make of her quite definitely an artist.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about her equipment, her composition, her make-up, is the slight instability in the mixture of her elements. She is profoundly a sentimentalist, and her sentimentality keeps jumping out in spite of all the ironical detachment she can muster against it. She cannot really control it—"God" is merely one of its temporary disguises—and one cannot help speculating whether she would be a better writer if she could. It is the malign fate of writers with the gift of wit that we should always be asking them to be witty, that they should tighten the firmness of their exquisite control most sedulously there where they want to be free of it for a moment. In the sentimental vein the touch of the author of "In the Mountains" seems a little less than secure.

But amusing and entertaining books are so rare that we cannot leave this one with a grumble. The whole story of Miss Barnes and Dolly "Jewks" and Uncle Rudolph (the Dean) is splendidly told, and there is a page at the beginning of that long episode, on the feminine theme that "what one has on underneath does somehow ooze through into one's behaviour," which is inimitable. In the same genre, peculiarly this author's own, is a little anecdote of her being discovered by her Swiss handyman, in the fancy dress of a devil, in the act of going into her bedroom to look for her tail. It is perfect.

K. M.

FROM the Bolton Public Libraries we have received a catalogue of the Books on History available there: an excellent work of its kind, clearly and accurately classified, and—what is really astonishing under prevailing conditions—containing 325 pages at the cost of fourpence.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

HUMOURS OF A PARISH, AND OTHER QUAINTESS. By the Rev. W. B. Money. With a preface by Walter Herries Pollock. (Lane. 6s. 6d. net.)—This modern equivalent of the jest-books of Skelton and Scogan and Will Tarleton represents the anecdotal harvesting of half a century's experience as a cricketer and a cleric. Mr. Money's anecdotes are good, but one has the tantalizing feeling as one reads them that the printed version is only the palest reflection of the real thing. The anecdote in print is like the written description of a great actor's performance. It is by faith and not by any rational conviction that one knows that Garrick was a great player. And in the same way it is by faith that one knows that Mr. Money's stories are amusing. One smiles faintly as one reads, but one smiles enough to know that one would laugh delightedly if Mr. Money himself were telling the anecdote with the living voice.

THE WAR DIARY OF A SQUARE PEG. By Maximilian A. Mügge. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Mügge is an author and translator. Some years ago Whitehall referred to him as a scholar of eminence. When the war began his offers of service were declined because of his German ancestry, and for the same reason he was sent to a camp of conscientious objectors. Later, after working as an unskilled labourer behind the lines in France, he was attached to the 33rd "Midshire" Regiment, in a kind of political concentration camp. Here he found many others, naturalized subjects or British born and bred, who had not rid themselves of their alien names. His diary records the war-time reflections of a humane and thoughtful man. It is pleasant reading; his doctrines are excellent, his personal experiences interesting, but his satire does not bite, and his explanatory comments on soldiers' language have a humour which was not intended by the author.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM HAYES TO MCKINLEY: 1877-1896. By James Ford Rhodes. (New York, Macmillan. 18s.)—This volume continues Mr. Rhodes's "History of the United States," which covered the period of the compromise of 1850 to the final restoration of Home Rule in the South in 1877. The author's impartiality is little short of miraculous. South and North can read him on the Civil War without great irritation. In the present volume he devotes his uncanny talent of judicial impartiality to the political controversies which excited America from the election of Hayes to the last year of Cleveland's administration. Of what sort the American people are, what they think about (politics and big business apart), and how they live, the reader gathers little. His chief impression is that the United States is in a chronic state of political crisis. There is no background to the picture, although once our historian does tell an engrossing detective-story in his account of the break-up of the Molly Maguires by James McParlan.

FOCH: HIS CHARACTER AND LEADERSHIP. By Raymond Recouly. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)—While Captain Recouly's is not a very inspiring study of one of the few men of undoubted military genius in the late war, it does help the reader to some understanding of the man and to make clearer to him the battles fought by Foch, particularly the final ones between July and November, 1918. Captain Recouly shows how Ludendorff, by urging his Government to beg for peace, saved his army from the most ignominious defeat in history. Foch had planned to deal a death-blow on November 14 by an offensive launched by twenty French and six American divisions from Pont-à-Mousson to Lunéville. The biographer was in contact with Foch for the greater part of the war, and had every opportunity of studying his character. No matter how grave the situation might be, he says, everyone

who came within the general's influence gained a feeling of security. At one serious period Foch said to Mr. Lloyd George: "Frankly, if I had to choose, I would rather be in my position than in that of the Germans." Captain Recouly admires the general, too, as a statesman, but he is on surer ground when describing military affairs.

THE TEN ISLANDS AND IRELAND. By John Mackay. (Maunsell. 12s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Mackay's quotations prove his wide reading. He is fond of quoting. It is a fair method of showing the quality of his own book of travel. The scenery of Newfoundland is "truly magnificent." From England "there is a direct service to St. John, the capital, upon the east coast. Between St. John and New York and Halifax there are the steamers of the Red Cross Line . . . it is a five days' journey from New York." In summer "there is a delightful excursion by motor launch," &c. Some history of the island is given, besides valuable hints about the wood-pulp supply and the sealing trade. Our new Baedeker can be frivolous, and is frequently contemplative: "Here where nature is all and man is nothing." His islands include Bermuda (where "the season opens in November . . . it is estimated that between 20,000 and 30,000 people from the United States annually visit the island"), Trinidad (here—as we expected—"the stranger might fancy himself transported on the magic carpet of the Eastern tale"), Dominica, Tortuga (with an account of the buccaneers drawn from trustworthy sources), Martinique, and St. Helena (with a portrait of Napoleon in his twenty-eighth year, and one of Josephine). Then there is Ireland—"a fair country, my masters"—and in the highlands of Kerry he quite inevitably finds "the aerie of romance, the home of the Wild Geese, a faerie kingdom of enchantment." Mr. Mackay took to travelling "as the most powerful of prophylactics against disease of the soul."

THE HOME RULE MOVEMENT. By Michael Macdonagh (Dublin, Talbot Press. 5s. net.)—Without antipathies or prejudices, Mr. Macdonagh has written a condensed narrative of the Home Rule Movement, from the birth of the Home Government Association in 1870 to the abortive passage of the Home Rule Act in 1914, which can offend no man and will entertain many. It is less a history than a biographical record, omitting hardly the least significant actor without some mention. The character-sketches of Isaac Butt, J. G. Biggar ("the leprechaun," as Disraeli called him), William O'Brien, Parnell, Mr. Balfour and John Redmond are done with few but telling strokes, emphasized by dramatic incidents that stick in the memory. In short, the story of Home Rule makes a good sketch for a chronicle-play—the serio-comic obstruction episode, the downfall and death of Butt, the Fenian terror, the rise, dictatorship, and tragic fall of Parnell, and the ironic sequel in which Home Rule was put on the Statute Book, only to become a dead letter.

WILLIAM DONE BUSHELL OF HARROW. (Cambridge University Press. 3s. net.)—Born at Bristol in 1838, the son of a successful business man, the subject of the half-dozen appreciations collected here went to Cheltenham and then to Cambridge, becoming, after two terms as a master at Clifton, a member of the Harrow staff. At Harrow he taught for 35 years, little known to the great public, but wielding an influence, by the strength and charm of personality no less than by his wide learning, that can hardly be estimated. In the 15 years that followed, in which he was chaplain, Bushell became a more prominent figure. He took his clerical office with deep seriousness; he also threw himself with characteristic energy into antiquarianism, politics, poetry, and sport—in the form of golf. Becoming owner and "king" of Caldey Island, he founded a home there for a community of English Benedictines—who afterwards purchased the island and seceded to Rome.

MARGINALIA

HISTORIANS, literary and political, always dwell with a peculiar complacency on the achievement of those great men in the past who have in any way, and however shadowily, anticipated our modern discoveries. Milton was somehow an evolutionist before Darwin, Roger Bacon invented the motor-car, Shakespeare foresaw the British Empire, Tennyson had prophetic visions of the Zeppelin. These are facts over which we love to linger. And I remember a certain quatercentenary lecture on Leonardo. A large and highly-polished audience had listened in polite apathy to an analysis of one of the most extraordinary intellects that have ever existed. The lecturer then let fall the fact that Leonardo had forestalled Mr. Churchill in the invention of the Tank: Applause, sudden, spontaneous, loud and prolonged, burst from the whole assembly. The incident impressed me unforgettably. Why do we like to linger over these prophecies and foreshadowings? Surely, because it satisfies a rather childish vanity. For it was of us that these great men were prophetically thinking; we are the fulfilment of their dreams. We feel ourselves superior to them. Leonardo dimly dreamed of Tanks; we go for joy-rides in them at Southend. Argal, we are better than Leonardo. Mr. H. G. Wells is better informed than Shakespeare. Argal . . . And so on and so forth. We are the bright consummate flower of ages of growth; these wise magians of the past scented our fragrance from afar and had a glimpse of our splendour.

I have been reading recently what seems to me one of the most sombrely prophetic books of the nineteenth century, I mean Balzac's "Les Paysans." Many of the problems that seemed to Balzac of prime importance have become, in the twentieth century, little more than historical curiosities. But the problem of "Les Paysans" is still very much with us, grown huger and a hundred times more complicated than it was when Balzac wrote of it in the far-away thirties and forties of last century. This story of the peasants' hatred of the rich landed proprietor and of the incessant secret guerilla war they wage against him is the classic of its type, the first and best of the novels that have taken the conflict of the classes as their theme. It abounds with defect. The proportion of political tract to work of art is far too high; the authors' asides and commentaries are infuriatingly copious. But the book is none the less a prodigious piece of work. Balzac has seen the whole problem in all its significance, and dramatized it with an unrivalled force.

Unlike almost every other writer who has touched the theme of the struggle between the rich and the poor, Balzac is whole-heartedly on the side of the rich. From Godwin to Mr. Galsworthy the sociologists have always espoused the cause of the oppressed many against the oppressing few. Caleb Williams has been reincarnated and re-martyred a hundred times over. But Balzac reverses the medal. He shows us the traditional tyrant being tyrannized over, the rich landlord persecuted by the peasants, and in the end destroyed by them. And he demands that we shall sympathize with the bloodsucker and beware of his traditional victim.

Balzac was not a democrat. His royalistic conservatism was due partly to his upbringing, partly to his native snobbishness. But chiefly he desired to preserve the old aristocratic order of things for the sake of what an aristocracy makes possible, namely culture, civilization. When General Montcornet is forced to abandon Les Aigues the peasants fall upon the property and divide it up among themselves. The great old house is pulled down, and what were once the

gardens and the noble park become a patchwork of small holdings. Something grand and splendid is destroyed, and something sordid and small takes its place. Balzac feared and hated democracy because he loved culture and art and grandeur and the other luxuries of the leisured rich. Culture and the beautiful amenities of civilization have always been paid for by slavery in one form or another. Balzac, who heartily despised the philanthropists of his age, considered that the price was not excessive, and that it was right that a lower class should exist and work in order that culture might concomitantly exist in the higher class. The guerilla fighting of 1840 has become an open class war, and the many, as was inevitable, are steadily gaining ground against the few. Les Aigues and its inhabitants, with all their peculiar culture, are doomed, as Balzac foresaw. It remains to be seen what new form of culture, if any, will take its place.

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The most important function of an aristocracy is to be so secure in its position that it is impervious to general public opinion, so secure that it can afford to tolerate eccentricity and be hospitable to new and unusual ideas. The American plutocracy is not an aristocracy because its position is precarious. It cannot afford to tolerate eccentricity; heresy means excommunication. But in Europe the tradition of eccentricity still survives, though with ever-decreasing strength, in the leisured class. Its members do not risk serious persecution for nonconformity; their secure position protects them from ordinary public opinion, so that they can think, and to a great extent act, how they like with impunity. Not many of them do, of course; but that there should at least be an attitude of tolerance to heresy is of prime importance. Moreover, they actually extend their protection to eccentric and heretical members of other classes. The aristocracy is a sort of Red Indian Reservation, where the savages of the mind are permitted to live in their own way, untroubled and relatively free from persecution. In a little while the advancing armies of democracy will sweep across their borders and these happy sanctuaries will be no more. Les Aigues—the big house, the gardens, the park, the spacious and leisured life, the polite conversations and platonic passion between the literary man and the lady of the manor—will utterly disappear, and the small holder will inherit the land. And eccentricity, new ideas, culture—one doesn't see much room in the new world for these occupations of prigs and madmen. The prospect is melancholy, dims one's liberal ardours.

* * * *

In a characteristic article that appeared in a recent number of the *Yale Review*, Mr. H. L. Mencken deplores the absence in America of anything approaching an aristocracy. He puts down all the defects in American literature to "the lack of a civilized aristocracy, secure in its position, animated by an intelligent curiosity, sceptical of all facile generalizations, superior to the sentimentality of the mob and delighting in the battle of ideas for its own sake." There are in America no spiritual Reservations for the Red Indians of the spirit. Hemmed in on one side by the plutocracy and on the other side by the mob, the intelligent are driven either into feeble anarchy or else become tame Professors. The anarchists are futile wasters of spirit; the Professors too readily believe that whatever is, is right. (New England, says Mr. Mencken, true to his inveterate hatred of the Professor, "began its history as a slaughter-house of ideas, and it is to-day not easily distinguishable from a cold-storage plant.") Mr. Mencken is always the controversialist, and as such a little inclined to picturesqueness and an over-statement of his case. But his main contention is sound—that intellectual life has hitherto always depended on the existence of an aristocracy.

AUTOLYCUS,

NOVELS IN BRIEF

THERE is a charming quality about the opening chapters of "The Sunset Gun," by C. R. Milton (Melrose, 7s. net). The scene is "the most famous convent school in Holland," an English foundation some six hundred years old. The author's standpoint is certainly that of British Protestantism. But though keenly alive to the grotesque and pitiful side of the "religious" life, she has a warm appreciation for the sweetness and dignity of character which often develop under its influence. The pupils also, of more than one nationality and at least two creeds, are a delightful and appealing company, especially the heroine, Janey, and her lifelong friend Augusta. A little later we meet both these young persons in India, and have an entertaining, though not too encouraging account of their heroic effort to get on familiar terms with the native ladies. A vein of tragedy runs through the story, and duty lays a heavy burden upon Janey. But fortified by the counsel of her early instructors, she comes well through the ordeal, and finds happiness at last.

To enjoy the thrills abundantly provided by an artist in such commodities, and then to complain that the sensations produced have been inadequately accounted for, is the mark of an enviably unsophisticated reader. Persons of experience know that, in shockers as in life, it is not the goal but the road there that matters, and their gratitude to the author, in this case Mr. Sax Rohmer, will suffer no diminution because the villain's explanatory discourse reveals some weak points in the construction of the story. These reflections are suggested by "The Green Eyes of Bâst" (Cassell, 8s. 6d. net), which opens in masterly fashion, and holds us in delightful suspense almost till we reach its somewhat impotent conclusion. Egyptian cat-worship and the telephone and motor-car—the ancient and the modern magic—are skilfully blended in this romance, which has for its principal background a remote London suburb, and for time the present day.

To say that in "The Courts of Idleness" (Ward & Lock, 7s. net) Mr. Dornford Yates has introduced only one male and one female character is to make a statement which requires some explanation. If we divide his dramatis personæ by sex, we shall find that we can reckon up at least half a dozen men and the same number of women; but in each group the individuals composing it are drawn upon lines so nearly similar that we are unable to distinguish one from the other. We might even go further and maintain that between the two types thus created there is little difference beyond that of dress and name. The difficulties of life seem indeed, as good form requires, to be encountered chiefly by the gentlemen, who would even appear at infrequent intervals to do some work: an aberration of which the ladies, in normal circumstances, are never guilty. But all are equally proficient in the light and easy badinage which forms their sole absorbing occupation, and by which, as we sympathetically feel, all their energies must be thoroughly exhausted. Often enough, some really amusing remark is made by one of the party, but the readiness with which it is capped by other interlocutors produces a wearing impression of strain.

Better is life in a London suburb than in a Scotch provincial town! Such, we must own, is the ungracious comment which first occurs to us on reading the entertaining sketches assembled by Mr. Philip Sulley under the title "In our Burgh" (W. Hodge & Co., 5s. net). The classic pronouncement "manners—none," employed by the author in describing one of his characters, could in our opinion be applied to them all with but little modification. There are, no doubt, things more important than manners; helpfulness, for example, and brotherly kindness. But those qualities would seem to be at least as abundant in the despised region of suburbia as in the more picturesque environment to which Mr. Sulley conducts us. And other things being (at least) equal, we naturally feel that the scale is turned by that surface sympathy and civility which are seldom wanting among neighbours on the fringe of the Southern metropolis. The servant problem, too, appears to be by no means non-existent across the Border, and that eager interest in books and ideas which we always, on excellent grounds, associate with Scotland, is barely reflected in these pages. Mr. Sulley is careful to explain that he has drawn on his experience of several burghs, no one of which can claim to be considered exclusively as his model.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE "Posthumous Letters . . . addressed to Francis Colman, and G. Colman the Elder; with Annotations . . . by George Colman the Younger, &c.," were published on August 19 and reviewed in the *Literary Gazette* of August 26, 1820. The book comprises interesting matter relating to David Garrick, Oliver Goldsmith, the stingy William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and to "The Beggar's Opera," the perennial popularity of which is to-day attested by the audiences that flock to the performances at Hammersmith. In the year 1773, when representations of this opera were advertised at Covent Garden Theatre, the magistrates at Bow Street wrote to George Colman, informing him that some time previously they had requested the managers of Drury Lane Theatre not to exhibit the work,

deeming it productive of mischief to Society as in their Opinion it most undoubtedly increased the Number of Thieves, and that the Managers obligingly returned for Answer that for that Night it was too late to stop it, but that for the future they would not play it if the other house did not. Under these Circumstances from a Sense of Duty and the Principles of Humanity, the Magistrates make the same request to Mr. Coleman and the rest of the Managers of his Majesty's Theatre Royal, Covent Garden . . .

The answer returned was as follows:

Mr. Colman presents his Best Respects to the Magistrates with whose Note he has just been honoured. He . . . cannot help differing in opinion with the Magistrates, thinking that the Theatre is one of the very few houses in the Neighbourhood that does not contribute to increase the number of Thieves. Covent Garden—Wednes. Morn.

In the same work the story is told that George Garrick, who was always ready at his brother's call, nightly inquired at Drury Lane Theatre, "Has David wanted me?" When someone asked how George came to die so soon after his famous brother, the reply was—"David wanted him."

As attention has lately been redirected to "The Beggar's Opera," it may be worth mentioning in this place that "Poems never before Printed, written by John Gay . . . , edited by Henry Lee," were noticed in the *European Magazine* for July, 1820.

The subject of a very clever and amusing article, entitled "The Jewels of the Book," in the *London Magazine* for August, 1820, is Pierce Egan's book of "Sporting Anecdotes." Alluding to the fact that Mr. Egan writes the accounts of the fights in the newspapers, "and gives all the little pithy paragraphs of pugilistic information which announce to the world the arrangements of the matches," the reviewer asks:

Who is there but must admire the ability with which the brutalities and severities of bruising are softened to the taste and timidity of a young gentleman in stays, or a lady at her breakfast table! A pathos—a humour,—or gaiety, is thrown into the recital,—with "infinite variety"—so that a broken jaw comes before the reader under favourable and attractive circumstances. A man is not felled to the earth; he only goes down distressed. His breath is not crushed out of his body,—he is only queered a little in the bellows. The face that is beaten to a mummy, is "rendered unintelligible" merely; and the blinding of the eyes is relieved into the milder expression of *dimming the eyes*. The reader that would shrink from seeing a human head held by a stout fellow in one hand, and belaboured over the features with the other, reads with indifference, or even delight, of "the weaving system,"—which is but the poetry of such an incident To write faithfully, firmly, and delicately, of boxing, requires indeed a pen with a man behind it."

These pleasant passages are followed by a *précis* of Mr. Egan's "Sporting Biographical Sketch of William Habberfield, slangily denominated 'Slender Billy.'" Mr. Habberfield was "never very particular in his modes of possessing himself of money or spoons"; in fact, he uttered spurious bank-notes, but, being "a man of sense and honour," he was unsurpassed in "dividing the *swag* among the *pals*, or in the capacity of an arbitrator." He was "industrious and acute—but highly unfortunate." Slender Billy "boasted that he had not for many years worn a single article of dress that had not been *prigged*." He kept a "bear, several badgers, and bull-dogs past all number," at "a *flash* tenement" in Tothill Fields, called the Willow Walk, which was frequented by the Westminster boys. Billy was also a burglar, a *knacker*, a "cross-cove," a "gin-spinner," and above all, "as close as midnight." (This admirable genius, we gather died untimely.) Another pearl extracted from Mr. Egan's

book is an account of an "Extraordinary Cricket Match between Twenty-two Females," which took place in 1811, "near Ball's Pond, Middlesex." The performers in this three days' contest between Hampshire and Surrey heroines were of "all ages and sizes," from fourteen to sixty. All looked very smart. The Hampshire lasses won the match, but the Surrey girls, whose best runner and bowler was Ann Barker, aged 60, fought a good fight, and on the second day kept the field with great success.

The extent to which the *cause célèbre* of the unfortunate Queen Caroline filled the public mind is reflected in nearly all the periodicals of the day. In the *Morning Chronicle* of July 10 appeared epigram, signed "Muscipulus":

On the Inconsistency of the Saints in advising Her Majesty to give up her right to the Prayers of the people.

The Strangest inconsistency I have seen,
Even in Saints, is this about the Queen;
In what a state's Religion, lack-a-day!
When even Saints advise us not to pray!!

Lines directly or indirectly bearing on the Queen's case were eagerly caught up by the audiences in the theatres. At Drury Lane, when Desdemona complained of her husband's wish to divorce her, there was a tempest of applause; and at the words "To lash the rascal naked through the world . . ." "the pit stood up again, the men waved their hats, and the women their handkerchiefs; the acclamations throughout the whole house were loud and general, and lasted several minutes" (*Literary Chronicle*, September 2, 1820). At Sadler's Wells expressions such as "She is innocent," in the melodrama of "Anne Boleyn," were noticed with "the loudest marks of approbation," which caused delay in the performance.

MR. BRUCE ROGERS AND THE RIVERSIDE PRESS

THE recent acquisition by the British Museum of a representative collection of over fifty specimens of books printed by Mr. Bruce Rogers during his connection with the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., makes it at last possible for the English student of typography to form a judgment at first hand on this important group, the dates of which as here shown range from 1900 to 1912. There are two characteristics common to practically all the fine printing done in England and America since Morris reawakened an interest in these matters. One is a standard of presswork approaching more or less closely to perfection. We take this as much for granted nowadays as we do a virtually flawless technique in any pianist who aspires to count, and reasonably so, for good type deserves good presswork, although perhaps some of the too mechanically regular founts one comes across would actually look better if they were a little less exquisitely handled. The other characteristic is a certain lack of adaptability and an undue restriction in the range of subject-matter. The tradition which Morris set himself to revive was that of the great fifteenth-century masters, which is undeniably a very splendid one, but equally undeniably a very difficult one to get away from. Generally speaking, contemporary craftsmen have been rather weighed down by it, so that there is a tendency for only such literature to get itself printed as may be expected to look reasonably well in so massive and imposing a typographical dress. In consequence, large classes of books never have more than an outside chance of being put into really good type, and this is one reason, apart from simple commercialism, why the influence of Morris and his successors on the general standard of printing continues so much smaller than it should be.

Now the presswork of these Riverside books is quite up to the normal standard, and a glance at the Riverside "Symposium" (Shelley's translation, 1908) will show the Jensen tradition maintained at the normal level. But what gives Mr. Rogers's work an interest quite out of the common is its range and versatility. He is revealed as being just as ready to make a good job of Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Brillat-Savarin as of Chaucer and Virgil, and as endeavouring to find for each book the most suitable typographical form, the models of all periods being laid under contribution and their features combined or adapted. Each of these editions has been envisaged as a fresh problem, to be solved experimentally and with an open mind. When Mr. Rogers is printing a *chanson de geste*, for example, he goes to stained-glass windows as the source of

his illustrations; and he will use a special mellow-toned paper the better to do justice to the mellowness of a Caroline letter-writer. The result of this consistent refusal to play for safety is that we get a variety of good and suggestive work which is probably greater than that of any other single press. Not all these experiments are a complete success, of course, and some of them even are decidedly failures, but the desire to get away from the conventional and the readiness to go up a new path are always present and remain always interesting.

If one were asked to pick out the finest among the books in the Museum one would perhaps choose the "Song of Roland" (translated by Isabel Butler, 1906), a two-column folio printed with a facsimile of an early French type, with small coloured illustrations derived, as already alluded to, from the Charlemagne window at Chartres Cathedral; they are what all illustrations should be and so few succeed in being, an "integral part of the typography," while large folio-numbers in red and marginal summaries in brown complete a strikingly original and admirably balanced effect. But quite as successful in its entirely different way is the little octavo of selections from W. M. Praed's light verse (1909). This is printed with a small fluent roman type with a good deal of white between the lines, and no ornament except a frontispiece portrait and a small oval device in marone on the title, cunningly made to echo the marone cover. The whole is as perfect a little book as reader or collector can desire. Another noteworthy achievement is the "Compleat Angler" in 16° (1909), printed with the excellent "Riverside Caslon" type and carrying on the title a conspicuously successful vignette. The style of this edition was suggested by that of the editio princeps, but it is most instructive to see with what freedom the suggestion has been worked out, and how the numerous modifications and improvements have made a fine new book which yet preserves intact the spirit of the old one. Then, again, there is a highly ingenious Ecclesiastes (12°, 1911), also in "Riverside Caslon," with red capitals, each page enclosed in borders reproduced from Geoffrey Tory's *Horæ* of 1524-5. A translation of Fifteen Sonnets of Petrarch (12°, 1903) is printed "in the Aldine manner" in italics, with a title-cut in the fifteenth-century style and each page enclosed in red rules. Fine sixteenth-century French work is the basis of a translated selection from Ronsard, also in italic and with a fine scrollwork frame round the title; the numerous pages containing only one short poem apiece are very well handled, and have nothing of the too usual air of bewilderment, as of a black sheep of letterpress astray in a meadow of white paper. Another, larger, italic type is one of Mr. Rogers's best, but its effect is spoiled by the poor pictorial ornament used with it in the Theocritus (1906), Virgil's *Georgics* (1904) and Spenser's *Epithalamion*, etc. (1902). Good, too, is the "Brimmer," a sober roman, employed for the companion volumes of Fielding's "Journal" (1902) and the "Sentimental Journey" (1905).

The comparatively large section of editions of modern American writers stands on a different footing. Many of them, such as the account of the great fire at Boston in 1872, offer small scope to the printer, and Mr. Rogers gives them just good straightforward treatment. Some are American classics, like Lowell's "Democracy" (1902) and Emerson's "Success" (1912); these two are in duodecimo, printed plainly and with dignity, with no more of sober red decoration than is consistent with republican simplicity. Rather more emphasis rests on a volume of T. B. Aldrich's *Songs and Sonnets* (1906), where the red rules round the type-page are of specially delicate effect. But the best thing in the whole group is "Lines of Battle" (1912), a volume of campaigning verse by H. H. Brownell, a young American poet killed in the Civil War. The gravity and solidity of the fount, the austere plain type-page, and the American flag twined with laurel on the title which forms the solitary ornament are all so exactly in keeping with the contents that they may almost be said to create an atmosphere. Fortunate indeed is the poet whose printer has an understanding eye.

It is notable that, of the whole collection, only one book is not in English; this is de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" (1901), and can scarcely be called very successful. In this respect, as in others, Mr. Bruce Rogers's choice was presumably restricted, but the variety of what he has given us is so great as to raise a regret that a little polyglot printing did not make it still greater.

V. S.

LITERARY GOSSIP

How little we know of America! Probably no English paper so much as mentioned the recent death of William Marion Reedy, the editor and proprietor of *Reedy's Mirror* of St. Louis. I myself have never set eyes upon that newspaper; and all I know of Reedy is that if I chanced upon a generous criticism of a little-known American author, say on the dust-cover of one of the books published by Mr. Alfred Knopf, who is evidently one of the most discriminating publishers on the other side, it would generally bear the signature "William M. Reedy in the *Mirror*."

American friends have told me that Reedy, by his courage, honesty, and enthusiasm for good literature by unknown men, had made St. Louis one of the intellectual centres of the United States. He was one of the first to encourage the new generation of American poets. He "gave them a show," both as critic and editor. Yet he was as far removed as possible from the American high-brow. I gather that there is an American slogan "A hundred per cent. American." Most of its applications are intolerable; but if it were to be applied to Reedy, I imagine it would have some solid meaning.

While I am on the subject of America, I may mention that the first numbers of the new political and literary weekly, *The Freeman*, have begun to reach, and to interest me. In actual make-up it closely follows the English pattern. It is well-written, genuinely liberal in its politics, and evidently aims at a high standard in literary criticism. Moreover it has early distinguished itself by publishing the whole of Gorky's recollections of Tolstoy. *The Freeman* is a valuable addition to the periodical literature of America. It joins *The New Republic* and *The Nation*.

The *New York Nation* seems to have declined in literary interest since Mr. Paul Elmer More gave up the editorship. *The New Republic* is first in point of general interest and circulation; though *The Freeman* may push it hard, if its criticism does not become too wordy and pontifical. The once excellent *Dial* of Chicago has become an advanced literary monthly published in New York. It is admirably printed, but it is far too resolutely "modern" for an English taste. Its criticism is often irritatingly obscure, and its contents heterogeneous to desperation. An English reader is always wondering what the editors are driving at.

Among the books to be published by well-known contributors to THE ATHENÆUM during the coming autumn are Miss Katherine Mansfield's long-expected volume of short stories, "Bliss, and Other Stories" (Constable); a volume of critical essays, mainly dealing with Elizabethan literature, by Mr. T. S. Eliot (Methuen); a book on the Foreshore of London by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson (Cassell), and a book of critical essays by the editor, Mr. John Middleton Murry, entitled "Aspects of Literature" (Collins). Mr. Clive Bell is at present engaged on a book in which the relation of art and society is discussed. Mr. Roger Fry will collect a number of his essays upon art into a volume. Messrs. Constable are publishing a book on the intellectual movements in modern Spain by Mr. J. B. Trend.

Readers of Henry James who are without a copy of "The Middle Years" may be glad to know that new remainder copies may be had of Messrs. Glaisner, of 265, High Holborn, for half-a-crown. It is pathetic to think that Henry James should be remaindered; too many good books go that way. Only a few months since one

could obtain mint copies of Samuel Butler's two-volume life of his grandfather from Messrs. Glaisner for 3s. 6d.; and Mereshkowski's remarkable book on "Tolstoy and Dostoevsky" used to be permanently on tap at tenpence a time.

Whatever may be said of the importance of literary form, there is no denying the fact that the subject makes man able to indite. I am constantly stumbling on magnificent prose passages in scientists whose last conscious consideration would have been their literary position. The greatest themes bring with them their own economy of language, their authentic cadences, their intensity; and, on less exalted planes, the man who most deeply loves his subject, though he never studied the fine flourishes of more sophisticated pens, becomes the most appropriate writer of them all.

The 150th anniversary of the death of Chatterton occurred during this week. He committed suicide on August 25, 1770, having during that summer written leading political articles for some half-dozen important newspapers, besides an extraordinary farrago of literary work. For many years his name and story were familiar in every hamlet in England, being printed on pocket-handkerchiefs and pedlars' broadsides, and discussed in every sort of magazine. His capacities were Napoleonic; his letters and recorded conversation prove him to have had the same outlook, fire and vision—at the age of fifteen or sixteen.

In contrast to the eternal inanition which befalls most separate volumes of poetry, from the highest to the lowest, it is inspiring to know what the poets can achieve when they stand shoulder to shoulder. Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson have just issued the eighteenth edition of "Poems of To-day," completing 102,000 copies. The new edition is supplemented with brief biographical notes of the authors included.

If the day for the purely literary journal in England seems long since past, in Australia it has never come yet. A copy of the *Book-Lover* of Melbourne has reached me, with a letter from the editor in which he states that there has been but one literary journal in Australia and New Zealand for twenty-two years, and that the *Book-Lover*. A minor difficulty recently was a two months' strike, and "it remains to pick up the circulation."

La Renaissance discusses the useful influence of the gramophone upon literature. Predicting at no distant date a life-and-death struggle between that instrument and the printed volume, the writer pictures us going into comfortable phono-libraries to listen to the latest novel, as read by the author himself. This revolution, he proceeds, will be the salvation of letters; for "people are at present writing only for the eye, no longer for the ear."

But how will the cinematograph complicate this problem? It has long trained us to dispense with those ears which our forefathers could not do without. In the earlier days there were attempts to combine the gramophone with her mute sister; but they died the well-merited death. Why should I listen to the novelist in the phono-library, when I can go (after long practice) to the picture theatre and hear—see—hear Charles Chaplin "talking with his feet"? *Seul le silence est grand.*

Mr. H. G. Wells has already described the novel of the future as consisting in a combination of a phonograph and moving pictures in natural colours, the whole instrument forming a small-sized cabinet. It is obvious that only best-sellers could be published on such terms.

Science

REJUVENATION

A FEW weeks ago some enterprising journalist obtained particulars of the works of the Vienna biologist Steinach. Paragraphs appeared in the various European newspapers, and are doubtless being reproduced in the journals of other continents. The excitement continued for the best part of a week. Prominent medical men were interviewed; leading articles were written on the doubtful benefits of a prolongation of life; the professional humorists swooped vulture-like on the new copy; and then it all died out. Steinach himself is probably gazing bewildered at a daily post-bag of hundreds of letters from men and women of all nations, asking him if he can cure them of old age, laziness, shingles, dyspepsia, astigmatism, or delirium tremens; but the public has passed on to the next sensation.

Meanwhile, however, full accounts of his work have reached this country, set out in the great biological journal founded by Roux, the *Archiv für Entwicklungsmechanik*. The man of science is in many ways a privileged person to-day. The reappearance of German technical journals reminds him that peace is really made and that German men are what they were. And in those journals he perceives that what the public forgets and the press neglects for some new thing is not lost. Among all the chaos, knowledge still grows; and greater knowledge is greater potential of power and of sanity.

What is it then that Professor Steinach has been doing? In the first place, he has not discovered the Elixir Vitæ. But he has been re-establishing with new evidence the all-important doctrine of the inter-relation of every vital function (in danger as it is from every pedant, from every specialist, from every fanatic and doctrinaire), and in so doing has found the means by which senility may be staved off, and life a little prolonged.

Freud's work is no doubt one-sided and exaggerated, but, since it appeared, no one has been able to escape the conclusion that the impulses and emotions which arise, in their dim origin, from the sexual instincts are, however much transvaluated, modified and sublimated, the main-spring and driving force of perhaps the greater bulk of our higher activities. His work concerned the psychological sphere. Steinach extends it to the sphere of interaction of body and mind.

The newspaper paragraphs spoke glibly of the "interstitial glands." The so-called interstitial gland is a collection of cells forming part of the primary reproductive organs, filling the spaces between the tubules of the testis in the male, between the follicles of the ovary in the female. It is the activity of these cells, not of the male and female germ-cells themselves, which determines, in man and other mammals, the development of the secondary characters of the two sexes, and, what is more, of the sexual emotions and instincts. This has been proved up to the hilt, mainly by Steinach himself, as, for example, by the following type of experiment. The genital organs are removed from three of the males of a new-born litter of rats. One is allowed to remain sexless; one is operated on, and its own testes inserted into its body-cavity; while into the third, in place of testes, are implanted ovaries from a new-born female. The first develops into what may be called a neuter male, with general male appearance, but without any male instincts; the second becomes apparently a normal male—if anything, the masculinity of its behaviour is greater than that of its normal brother; while the third becomes, both in appearance and behaviour, a female—it has been feminized. Microscopic examination shows that the

transplanted genital organs have lost all their true reproductive cells, but that the interstitial cells are actually hypertrophied.

Further experiments, of Steinach and others, proved that in the male almost identical results could be obtained simply by cutting the ducts of the genital organs. In such cases, as well as in those where the testes have been transplanted into the body-cavity, the animals exhibit, of course, the paradoxical condition of active male instincts combined with complete inability to procreate their kind.

The next step was the observation that various internal organs of senile rats were in a condition extremely similar to that found in rats whose genital organs had been removed. Thence to the notion that a reactivation of the interstitial cells would lead to a rejuvenation of the whole organism was a bold but not an unwarranted conjecture. Nor need it remain untested. Rats were taken displaying all the stigmata of senility; in some the ducts of the genital organs were cut, in others the whole testes cut out and transplanted into the body-cavity. In every case of survival a marked and indeed amazing change took place. To read a description of a senile rat is to see, pitifully enough, but in a scarce-distorted mirror, the old age of humanity. The animals become bald, they lose weight, their eyes grow cloudy, their breathing laboured. They stay in one place, with bent back, not to be roused to activity by food placed just out of reach, nor by the presence of rival males, nor even by that of a female. The one and only difference of moment is that true senility in the rat sets in, not after sixty or seventy or eighty years, but after twenty or twenty-five or thirty months of life.

The operated animals began to show differences in their behaviour within a fortnight; and within a month or six weeks they were indistinguishable, both in appearance and in behaviour, from animals in the prime of life. This active state lasted, in cases where disease did not step in, for six to eight months. Senility then appeared afresh, often in a somewhat modified form, as if emanating more from the brain and less from the organism as a whole, and death supervened.

Once more Steinach asked himself a question, once more made a bold guess at the answer, once more proved himself right by experiment. By cutting the genital ducts, the interstitial cells can be made to multiply. But this process can obviously not be repeated. What, however, if new material is introduced from another animal? Steinach took rats which had been once rejuvenated, waited until their second period of senility had begun, and then transplanted into them testes from young males. A second spell of active life beyond the normal span was the result. This lasted its few months, and then closed in the acutest psychical senility, as if the brain, twice restimulated to emotion, curiosity, and, indeed, activity of every sort by the secretion of the interstitial cells, was approaching the very limit of its possibilities. Steinach has, however, not yet tried whether the rejuvenation can be produced yet a third time by new implantation. That remains to be tested. He has, on the other hand, made sure of the very important fact that cutting the genital duct on one side not only suffices to rejuvenate the organism, but actually stimulates the other genital organ to normal function; thus not merely a new lease of life, but a new lease of reproductive function is made possible.

In simplest possible terms, the result of the experiments (which have now extended over some ten years) is to show that a male animal can be rescued from old age and impending death by a simple operation, restored to the height of its individual and racial powers, and its life prolonged for a period which represents from 15 or 20 to 40 or 45 per cent. of the whole vital span of the species.

It is naturally more difficult to obtain the same results with females, but by means of X-ray treatment and by ovarian transplantation, definite rejuvenation lasting for several months has been obtained.

Encouraged by these results, Lichtenstern, a colleague of Steinach's, has carried out numerous operations on men, with most encouraging results. Precocious senility, as well as real old age in men of sixty-five and seventy years, has been banished; the patients have put on weight, regained the power of work, lost their symptoms of giddiness, headache, dyspepsia and so forth, and, most fundamental of all, have with one accord asserted that they have refound their joy of life, which they had thought gone for ever. Women treated with X-rays have also derived much benefit.

From whatever angle we look at it the work is a remarkable achievement. To start with, it is a triumphant vindication of the claims of pure science against the self-styled "practical man," and of the experimental method against the sentimentality of the anti-vivisectionist—a new and positive achievement that would have been impossible but for laborious research upon the lower animals. It begins to give us adequate knowledge of the rôle of the interstitial cells in the organism. *Inter alia*, a colleague of Steinach discovered that in old age both the thyroid and pituitary glands degenerated, but that the increase of interstitial substance caused them to regain their normal condition. Thus part of the effect of the interstitial cells is exerted indirectly, through the intermediation of the other ductless glands. Most of the effect, however, seems to be due to a direct influence upon the brain—to a reanimation of all the sexual impulses, and with them of all the other psychic faculties. This rejuvenation of the body through the mind is, as will be readily seen, a matter of the profoundest theoretical importance. That strong sexual emotions are frequently associated with great vitality is a matter of common observation. Metschnikoff discussed it in an interesting chapter of his book "The Duration of Life," using, among others, the example of Goethe; and have we not just been presented with a capital instance in the still youthful—nay, boyish!—passions of the sexagenarian Disraeli?

It goes without saying that the psychical processes in operative rejuvenation are far more complex in man than in the rat; yet the basis is the same. The sexual emotions are reawakened directly by the interstitial secretion, and impulses then radiate out from them to all other parts of the mind, opening again the abandoned chambers, repeopleing them with their old inhabitants. In man, however, the sexual impulses are, to a greater or less extent, sublimated during early life, so that when the sexual basis is reawakened in the brain cells, the energy may appear externally, not in increased sexual emotion, but in any of the many higher forms of man's activity. But for all the beauty of the flower, it is fed from the root. Biology does not concern itself with any future life; but for our life on earth its creed is plain, and yearly plainer—"body and soul, one and indivisible."

Steinach sees, as may well be imagined, many fields of research opening up. But he writes from Vienna, and knows that he cannot undertake them himself. In two pathetic sentences he reveals that he has no assistants, no funds, no means of purchasing new animals, and closes thus: "May happier lands or cities carry the work on!" The revolution to be wrought by biology will be far profounder even than that achieved by the physico-chemical sciences, for in it are involved human life and death, sex and heredity, emotions and ideals. But the world prefers to devote its attention and its resources to wars.

J. H.

Fine Arts

MEDALS AND SHEKELS

THE MEDALLIC PORTRAITS OF CHRIST. By G. F. Hill. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 18s. net.)

IT is a melancholy thought how much perverted ingenuity has been misspent in the cause of religious curiosities. While the market was good, the purveyor did not fail to keep it steadily supplied, and the ancestors of the Armenians who now sell us Persian pottery or antiquities from Egypt kept up as flourishing (and often, it must be feared, as fraudulent) a business through the Middle Ages in bones of the Apostles and other holy gear.

Part of Mr. Hill's book—and perhaps for the general reader the most interesting part—is devoted to the exploration of two singular side-tracks of this pious trade. The Thirty Pieces of Silver for which Judas Iscariot had sold his Master were obviously desirable curiosities. The richest treasury of relics would have been proud to own one of them, while the humbler collector was—and apparently still is—anxious to possess a specimen of a similar coin. Probably there were not enough authentic shekels to go round, so by the middle of the sixteenth century at latest, when a no less illustrious person than Melancthon seems to have been victimized, false shekels of a fairly constant but quite unsupported type were being struck and cast. This false shekel, with what appears to be a smoking, chalice-shaped censer on one side of it, still has its market, and a copy of it in cast iron has recently been offered for sale in large quantities in London.

Such shekels have, of course, a comparatively modest claim. But there are other coins which purport to have formed part of the very Thirty paid to Judas; indeed, rather more than thirty such have been traced. Of many of them there is no more than a bare mention in some church inventory, but a considerable number have been identified (largely by the patient industry of M. de Mély), and of these no fewer than eight are coins, not of Palestine or even of Rome, but of Rhodes.

The explanation which has been suggested for this singular fact is both ingenious and plausible. Up to the end of the fourteenth century the Knights of St. John in the island of Rhodes possessed a holy and wonder-working coin known as the "denier de Sainte Hélène." Perhaps owing to a belief that such coins had been compounded with sawdust from the True Cross, this "denier" was held in great veneration by pilgrims, and imprints of it, "which are of so great virtue," used to be made in wax while the office was being said on Good Friday. But at the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century the "denier" disappears from view, and a pilgrim of 1413 was shown instead "one of those very denarii of silver for which Christ was sold." Fortunately the pilgrim described the coin in some detail, and it can easily be identified as one of the beautiful Greek coins of the island, with the head of the Sun-god on one side and a half-open rose on the other. From this time onwards the "denarius for which Christ was sold" replaced the "denier de Sainte Hélène," and the wax casts on Good Friday were made from it instead. No doubt such things must have been widely distributed among pilgrims. But as the coins of Rhodes are not at all uncommon, many a pious traveller must have come across genuine specimens, and recognized them as own brothers to the miraculous coin of the Knights of St. John, a treasure to be purchased without question and carried home in triumph for the veneration of the faithful in a far land.

Another curious imposture, which, like the "censer" shekel, dates back to the middle of the sixteenth century or earlier, and like it has retained a certain amount of credit to the present day, is a medal inscribed in Hebrew which purports to offer a more or less contemporary portrait of Christ. This medal exists in innumerable varieties, and except for its high claim and for the difficulty of arriving at a convincing interpretation of the distorted Hebrew of the inscription, it cannot be said to be of very great interest; but Mr. Hill has investigated the medals and the literature to which they have given rise with all his usual thoroughness, and his account of them is a model of lucidity.

The various Italian medals of the late fifteenth century which bear the head of Christ are naturally of more artistic interest, though no one of them can be considered as a masterpiece. Here again there is a puzzle to be solved. For one of the three types of profile which Mr. Hill distinguishes purports to be derived from a mysterious emerald which, according to a story very popular at the time, was presented by the Grand Turk, Bajazet II., to Pope Innocent VIII.—together with the head of the Holy Lance and a considerable sum of money—in order to induce him to keep in captivity Djem, the Sultan's brother. In the seventeenth century the story took a prettier form; and the Sultan was said to have handed over the emerald to redeem a favourite lady whom the Pope held prisoner!

The emerald has long disappeared from view, though the traditional profile that it is supposed to have shown has been perpetuated. But Mr. Hill points out that the earliest representation of the type is not to be found on a medal, but in the little painting ascribed to Jan van Eyck or to an artist of his school in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin. And the type itself has certain un-Italian characteristics which suggest that it originated in the North rather than in the South of Europe. The profile on the emerald (if, as there is perhaps no particular reason to doubt, it ever existed) must have been on a tiny scale, and its expansion, even to medal size, would have left plenty of room for the artist to introduce his own characteristics. But there is some reason to suppose that the original source also included a profile of St. Paul, and if so it is not unlikely that the head which was taken for a portrait of Christ was originally intended to represent St. Peter, and not the Master whom he denied.

On all such subjects and the theories connected with them Mr. Hill's book, which is very fully illustrated, is a mine of curious information. A reviewer is hardly supposed to have done his duty by such a publication unless he finds a mistake in it, so it may be pointed out that the inscription on the Hagenauer medal (p. 72) is differently (and wrongly) given in the index (p. 122). To be driven to such minutiae of fault-finding is perhaps as high praise as a critic can give.

E. M.

GARRICK'S FURNITURE

ACCOUNTS OF CHIPPENDALE, HAIG & CO. FOR THE FURNISHING OF DAVID GARRICK'S HOUSE IN THE ADELPHI. (Victoria and Albert Museum. 2s. net.)

OLD bills, provided of course that they are not one's own and unpaid, always make good and curious reading. But these accounts of the firm of Chippendale & Haig, besides being pleasantly odd, are also instructive. To begin with, they furnish us with a very precise description of an elegantly appointed gentleman's house of the seventeen seventies. Garrick's drawing-room contained "12 very neat carv'd Cabreole arm'd Chairs, Japan'd Green and white, stuff'd and cover'd with Green silk Damask and finish'd with Gilt Nails" (£48 the set); "2 Burjairs [phonetic spelling of "bergères"] Japan'd in the same manner, stuff'd in linnen," and a fine feather Cushion (£5 apiece); "a large

Carv'd Sofa to match the chairs," and covered with the same green damask; "2 very large Peer Glasses in neat Carv'd Frames gilt in Burnish'd Gold Complete" (£138 the pair); another glass with a very large "Rich Carv'd Gilt Frame"; "2 Small very neat commodos curiously inlaid with fine woods" (£44 the pair); "A very large commode of silverwood with folding Doors, etc., curiously inlaid with various fine woods as the others" (£40); and a pair of Pembroke tables in silverwood, inlaid to match the commodos. The walls were papered and finished with "440 feet neat Carv'd Leaf Border gilt in Burnish'd Gold." The bell-pulls were ornamented with "rich Silk Tossells." The principal bedroom contained a remarkable piece of furniture, to wit, "a very large Inlaid Case of Fustick [a light yellow wood] and fine Black Rosewood with Sundry other ornaments curiously Inlaid with various fine woods, the middle part to hold a Bed, the Ends for Shelves, Cloakpins, Night Tables, etc. enclosed with Doors, very neat Shap'd Doors with Carv'd ornaments hung with pin hinges on sliding parts, Glaz'd with Looking Glasses and back'd with mahogany, very neat carv'd cornice Japan'd to match the Fustick Wood, etc." The cost of this portmanteau bed and wardrobe was £65 10s., and a very large inlaid press of the same design is priced at a pound more. There are four very neat chairs japanned green and white to match the drawing-room chairs, and two more of the "Burjairs." The room is hung with Garrick's "own India Paper." Garrick's total bill for the furnishing of 5 Adelphi Terrace amounted to £931 9s. 3½d. "He now lives rather as a prince than as an actor . . . his table, his equipage, and manner of living are all the most expensive and equal to those of a nobleman."

But these old bills are interesting for the light they incidentally throw on Chippendale. The firm of Chippendale undertakes every kind of odd job in Garrick's house, from paper-hanging and portage to "repairing a hand organ broke by a poor Boy—by Mrs. Garrick's orders." It is evident, Mr. Brackett points out in his introductory comments on the Garrick accounts, that Chippendale, "though in his younger days a woodcarver and an artist, had after about 1760 developed into a general house furnisher and upholsterer, whose work showed no distinctive style or character, but was dominated by the architect or client who employed him." The green and white japanned furniture has obviously nothing to do with what we ordinarily think of as characteristic "Chippendale" work. "By about 1765 Chippendale had abandoned the familiar mahogany designs found in the *Director* [his trade circular, *The Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director*], and was designing inlaid and painted pieces which bore no resemblance in form nor decoration to the examples popularly associated with his name."

The descriptions contained in these accounts make it seem probable that the furniture of Garrick's Hampton Villa, now at the Victoria and Albert Museum, was also designed by Chippendale—the Chippendale of this later and uncharacteristic period.

THREE new pictures have just been put on view at Trafalgar Square. Two are loans from the collection of Mrs. F. A. Beer, namely, the full-length version of "Orpheus and Eurydice," by G. F. Watts (Room XXII.), and a little picture, "The Faggot-Gatherer," by J. F. Millet (Room XXI.). The third is a lively and characteristic example of George Stubbs, R.A., representing a "Lady and Gentleman in a Curricule" (Room XXIV.). This picture has been presented to the nation by Miss H. S. Hope.

The large gallery adjoining the Print Room in King Edward VII.'s wing of the British Museum has been reopened to the public. It exhibits some of the finest of the Museum's Chinese paintings (including examples from the Stein collection) and a generous selection of drawings by masters of all schools.

Music

CURIOSITIES OF CONDUCTING

ANYONE who has had much to do with the performance of sixteenth-century music soon discovers that the conducting of it presents a curiously difficult problem. The single voices go their own way in rhythms that are completely independent one of another, and even where all sing the same words at the same time, the phrases will not fit conveniently to a beat which indicates a periodic accent. Our difficulty in understanding such music is increased by the modern practice of having madrigals sung by large choruses, whereas in their original day they were sung by solo voices, or at any rate by small groups such as we read of in the descriptions of Italian court festivities. In the earlier music, such as the masses of Josquin des Prés and his contemporaries, it must have been still harder for the singers to keep together, for they often had to sing two beats against three for a considerable time, with the additional complexities of syncopations—all this, too, from part-books that knew nothing of bar-lines. Of mediæval conducting very little is known, though we know from pictures that it was the practice for one member of a choir to beat time. Some historians have supposed that the beat was given according to the rhythm of the words; but that practice, convenient as it may have been in plainsong, would not be very satisfactory in measured music. The sixteenth-century theorists insist carefully upon a regular periodic beat. Steffano Vaneo of Ascoli (1533) recommends the use of a stick, which he calls *lignea machina, cujus motus æquus qualis horologii motus esse debet*, for, if not, the result will be *non musicorum concentus, sed anserum strepitus*. Zacconi (1596) insists that time shall be beaten with regularity, and that the singers shall conform to the beat, which will give them courage; for if the conductor waits for the singers he will get slower in every bar, because the singer will always want to sing his note after the beat *per farla sentire con maggior vaghezza*, i.e., for the sake of what we should now call expression. Zacconi was a definitely conservative type of musician. Only a few years later the younger generation, so far from objecting to "expression" of this kind, were positively attempting to find a definite notation for it. Many of the rhythmical eccentricities which we find in Caccini and Monteverdi are nothing more than attempts to write down in actual notes the *nuances* which we should now leave very largely to the natural instinct of the singer.

Choral singing, and especially music for two or three choirs, such as was the fashion in the early seventeenth century, required firmer guidance. The traditional weapon of the conductor was the roll of paper called the *solfa*; *battere la solfa* was, and is still, equivalent to "ordering people about." Mr. Festing Jones describes his amusement and surprise at finding that the bâton used by the conductor in an Italian church was nothing but a roll of newspapers wrapped round with silk. The tradition evidently persists; the reason why a roll of paper was used was because it made less noise than a wooden stick when struck on a desk. It was generally taken for granted that time had to be beaten audibly—audibly enough, that is, for the performers to be guided by it. Yet even in early days some writers protested against the system. Vaneo says that time may be beaten silently; Printz, in Germany (1678), also recommends silent beating, and censures those conductors who beat so loudly upon some *corpus solidum* that their thundering blows drown the singers. The conductor must avoid all *unnöthige närrische oder hoffärtige Gauckeleien*—excellent advice even at the present day, though our most eccentric modern conductor

would hardly think of tying a pocket-handkerchief to the end of his bâton like the one whom Printz saw at Syracuse. Another German conductor, Daniel Speer (1687), after mentioning the visible method of conducting with a stick or roll of paper, says that music for two or three choirs may be conducted by an invisible conductor who sits by the organist and beats time on the organ-stool, *doch mit Bescheidenheit*, with a door-key.

Beating time with the foot was a very general practice. It lasted well into the eighteenth century; Mattheson mentions an opera conductor who stamped his foot on an empty box in order to make more noise. One is reminded of Berlioz's story of the unfortunate prompter at the Opera who died of nervous prostration because the conductor always beat time on the box which concealed his head from the audience. Mattheson expresses the wish that those who beat time with their feet would at least keep their heads and the rest of their bodies quiet. Another death caused by over-energetic conducting was that of Lully—the story is too well known to be repeated here. Lully apparently conducted not by stamping with his foot, but by beating on the ground with a long stick like a billiard-cue—hence the fatal injury to his toe. Lully had a great reputation as a conductor even among the Germans. They praised above all things the *Accurate* of the French orchestras and their excellent *ensemble*, though Mattheson made merry over the *Contorsiones* of their conductors. Georg Muffat (1698) particularly points out that the "Lullianer" had all instruments tuned before the audience arrived, so as to avoid the unpleasant noise of tuning in the concert-room or theatre. Another peculiarity of Lully's school was that not only did the conductor beat time audibly, but every player in the orchestra beat time with his foot as well. Muffat calls this *eine anständige Fussbewegung*.

The tradition of audible conducting did not long commend itself in Germany, though it appears to have been kept up in France. C. F. Cramer (1783) calls the conductor a woodcutter (*Holzacker*) who batters all the operas to pieces from beginning to end. Cramer was evidently quoting from Rousseau, who says in the "Dictionnaire de Musique":

Combien les oreilles ne sont-elles pas choquées à l'Opéra de Paris du bruit désagréable et continué que fait, avec son bâton, celui qui bat la Mesure, et que le petit Prophète [i.e. Grimm] compare plaisamment à un Bucheron qui coupe du bois! Mais c'est un mal inévitable; sans ce bruit on ne pourroit sentir la mesure; la Musique par elle-même ne la marque pas: aussi les Etrangers n'aperçoivent-ils point le Mouvement de nos airs. . . . L'Opéra de Paris est le seul Théâtre de l'Europe où l'on batte la Mesure sans la suivre; partout ailleurs on la suit sans la battre.

Rousseau soon uses the bâton merely as a stick with which to beat French music, which he detested. Music for him began with Corelli and the Neapolitan composers of operas. It was not quite true, by the way, to say that the Italians never beat time. Goethe describes a conductor with a *solfa* at the church of the Mendicanti; but in the opera-house the composer generally directed the performance from the harpsichord. Corelli was said by Burney to have on one occasion conducted a band of a hundred and fifty strings, and Burney's statement was corroborated by a programme of the performance which was discovered a few years ago at Naples. Monster performances such as these may perhaps be considered as giving some justification for our Handel Festivals: but in those days huge orchestras were the exception rather than the rule. Corelli seems to have been particularly admired by his contemporaries for his ability in directing orchestras. The poet Zappi praises him for making "a hundred instruments sound like one"; but Corelli in all probability led the violins himself, and indicated the time, when required, with his bow.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Drama

A PHILOSOPHIC FARCE

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—"His Lady Friends." By Emile Nyitray and Frank Mandel. From the Novel by May Edginton.

WE believe we have before remarked on the superiority shown by the Americans in the construction of the machine-made play. Further evidence of this is provided by "His Lady Friends." As usual in the cheapest American farce, there is a little philosophical idea at the back of it, and as often this philosophical idea has to do with money. Who does best, the wife who saves her husband's money or the wife who spends it? In comedy the answer is obvious, but it is given in a sufficiently fresh and amusing way by the author of this particular comedy to ensure, if not "Three Hours' Rapturous Delight" (which we learn from the bills somebody enjoyed), at any rate a brighter evening than many of those that have to be passed in the theatre.

If you do not spend your husband's money you will not dress well enough to attract him; he will feel the need of spending money on somebody; and if he is an innocent and benevolent soul like the hero of this play, he will "spread a little sunshine" by assisting young ladies who aver they are in reduced circumstances with flats and other necessities of existence, in all good faith. If you do spend your husband's money he will of course be unable to get landed in any of these scrapes, unless, indeed, he is called in as lawyer by husband number one to adjust the rival claims of three angry females of the adventurous class, anxious to make the return which they suppose their benefactor needs for his goodness and thereby ensure a continuance of his kind patronage. Should that happen, things will get tied up in a nice, symmetrical knot which will come undone at a pull when required after three acts of mixed comedy and farce of very passable quality.

It is pleasant to see Mr. Hawtrey again as the kindly-intentioned man drifting helplessly through an ocean of necessary tarradiddles to a final rehabilitation. Really, to do this sort of thing so often, and to do it with a saving touch of originality each time, is a very creditable thing for an actor, even if he never tries to do anything else. The great pleasure of the evening, however, was in seeing Miss Athene Seyler once more. We do not know—we really cannot think of—anybody among our younger actresses who comes at all near equalling her. She not only knows how to play any part that is given her with perfect competence—and probably a great deal more than mere businesslike competence if she had occasion—she knows how to do such unimportant things as standing and moving on the stage. She is a trifle over-emphatic, it is true, but that is probably the irresistible uprush of suppressed energy. Why is it so often suppressed? Why is she not given the opportunities she could put to such excellent account? To us in England, so desperately in need of an actress, that question is much more important than whether "His Lady Friends" (which probably carries the promise of heavy receipts) is a good machine-made comedy or a mediocre one.

MISS ETHEL IRVING'S long-contemplated production of "La Tosca" is fixed for the early autumn. In the spring Miss Irving produced the play at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, and afterwards toured the principal provincial towns; but the impossibility of obtaining a West-End theatre at that time compelled her to postpone its London production. Negotiations have since been proceeding, and playgoers will have the opportunity of seeing Miss Irving at the Aldwych Theatre some time in September in the rôle so long made famous by Sarah Bernhardt. "La Tosca" will follow "The Unknown."

ADDITION, SUBTRACTION AND DIS- TRACTION: AN ELIZABETHAN TANGLE

ONE hardly knows which fact is the more remarkable, that two diametrically-opposed methods of play-cobbling should have been pursued throughout the greater part of the Platform-Stage era, or that both methods should have been simultaneously and despairingly fastened upon by investigators hard put to it to explain the baffling differences which exist, not only between several of the Shakespeare quartos, but between the quartos and the Folio. Assailed suddenly by protagonists from either camp with the cry, "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!" the impartial onlooker, rendered profoundly sceptical by the ceaseless flow of futile conjecturing from the madder crowd of Shakespeareolaters, feels much inclined to reply, "A plague o' both your houses." For, despite their knowledge of the fact that his also is the American motto, "show me," they have not shown him. Plunging in *medias res*, they make little attempt to demonstrate the feasibility of their postulates. It is as if a surveyor were asked to certify to the soundness of a building concerning the stability of whose foundation he is wholly ignorant. With progress thus at a deadlock, it may not be unprofitable for a disinterested outsider to make preliminary examination of the two minor and detached principles of Elizabethan playcraft, expansion and contraction, with the view of determining their origin and efficacy.

First seemingly in point of time, the principle of expansion may be considered first. Not without compunction, dreading lest any slur should be cast upon a monograph of so golden a sanity, one takes as text a disfiguring passage from Sir Walter Raleigh's "Shakespeare":

There is good reason to think that many of his comedies are recasts of his own earlier versions, now lost to us. It is wrong to suppose that these earlier versions were revised from motives of literary pride. The early "Taming of a Shrew" and the first version of "Hamlet" point the way to a more likely conclusion. When the theatre came to its maturity, complete five-act plays, with two plots and everything handsome about them, were required to fill the afternoon. The earlier and slighter plays and interludes were then enlarged and adapted to the new demands. It was not easy, even for Shakespeare, to supply his best work, freshly wrought from fresh material, at the rate of two plays a year. For certain marvellous years he almost did it; and as likely as not, the effort killed him.

There are divers reasons why this theory cannot be accepted. It bases on the fallacy that playgoers in the fifteen-seventies and eighties got poorer value for their money in the matter of mere length of entertainment than their children. It suffices not to say that in the pre-Marlowean period interludes and trivial plays were eked out with jigs, for the jig—in reality a primitive, delightfully Rabelaisian ballad opera—remained a popular dish long after Shakespeare had retired to his native shades. Moreover, do we not find Whetstone, in 1582, complaining in his "Heptameron of Civil Discourses" that the English playwright "fyrst groundes his work on impossibilities; then in three houres ronnes he throwe the world, marryes, gets children, makes children men, etc., etc.?" Not only have we no record of any pre-Restoration performance taking longer than three hours, but the bulk of the evidence on the point, mostly allusions in prologues and epilogues, speaks of "two short hours" as the orthodox duration of an acted play. Clearly, then, amplification of old plays could not have been necessitated by a longer acting-time.

Tested by the Shakespeare texts, Sir Walter Raleigh's theory proves equally defective. It fails utterly to solve the "Hamlet" problem unless we can concede—a possibility which seems more in keeping with those urgings of literary pride disallowed by our theorist than with any known exigency—that more than one revision took place. Apply the theory in all good faith to "Macbeth"—unmistakably an abbreviated, as well as an otherwise altered play—and you arrive inevitably at the highly disconcerting conclusion that the tragedy has come down to us in primitive form and must rank amongst the poet's earliest work. Such are the dangers of generalization.

Still another objection must be urged against the theory exactly as it is formulated. While there is every reason to believe that Shakespeare in the latter part of his career was

under contract to the King's Players to deliver two plays per year, for which he doubtless received, as per custom, a weekly stipend and the overplus of the second day's receipts, it is highly improbable that the mere refurbishing up of an old play would be viewed on occasion as a partial fulfilment of the contract. No: the King's men demanded their pound of flesh, and they had it—nearest the heart.

Our earliest trace of the practice of amplifying plays and of a reason for it, though not necessarily the sole reason, occurs in "Henslowe's Diary." Most of the examples therein recorded were specifically for Court performance, but one or two cannot be so attributed. That the "mending" to which Henslowe refers took the form of enlargement, and not abbreviation, textual testimony avouches. In Dekker's "Old Fortunatus," as acted at Court in 1600, the additions were neatly-appropriate interspersions of masque-like symbolism and song. While this may not have been the common practice it points significantly to the origin of the disfiguring vision scene in "Cymbeline." A different system is indicated in Q. 3 of "Mucedorus," issued in 1610 when the play was over twelve years old, with the notification, "amplified, with new additions, as it was acted before the King's Maiestie at Whitehall on Shrove Sunday night." Dekker altered his own play, but revision in this case was made by a second and more able hand. Two new characters and three new scenes were introduced, not to speak of other alterations. Obviously no such pains were taken simply and solely for a Court performance. There must have been a deliberate intention of revival on public boards. The play was then in the repertory of the King's men, and the example is vital as showing their practice at the period.

Apart from Court presentation, old plays were occasionally revised to bring them into conformity with prevailing taste. An end-of-the-century rage for spectacle at the Rose doubtless suggested the introduction of a vivid Hell scene in "Doctor Faustus." That the revisions varied considerably in degree, if not in kind, is shown by the fact that the sums paid by Henslowe to Dekker, Rowley, Heywood, Chettle and others for play-patching ran from a few shillings to £4. Thus in 1598 Chettle received ten shillings "for mending the first part of 'Robin Hood' for the Court," and in 1601, £1 for altering "Cardinal Wolsey." Dekker, on the other hand, was paid £2 10s. for "new additions" to "Owldcastell."

That it was a common practice to revise old plays, not because of their alleged brevity but of their obsolescence, and that budding playwrights trafficked in musty manuscripts, is indicated in Ben Jonson's attack on Marston in his epigram "on Poet-Ape":

At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
Buy a reversion of old plays; now grown
To a little wealth, and credit in the scene,
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own.

It is noteworthy that at least one old published play presents not only more than was ever spoken on the stage, but more than was ever intended to be spoken. As printed in 1607, Barnaby Barnes's tragedy "The Devil's Charter" contains the intimation, "as it was plaide before the King's Majestie upon Candlemasse night last; by his Majesties Servants. But more exactly renewed, corrected and augmented since by the Author, for the more pleasure and profit of the Reader." How far other writers sought for a literary as well as a theatrical reputation, and strove in this way to conciliate the reading public, is an interesting speculation. Professor A. C. Judson gives it as his opinion that Jonson was influenced by this consideration when preparing his plays for publication in the folio of 1616, and that accordingly he then expanded "Cynthia's Revels," adding to the play nearly a thousand lines and two new characters. Despite the fact that many of the plays in the folio bear evidence of mild revision, oaths being modified and fashions brought up to date, this view cannot be entertained. Does it not rather appear that in writing "Cynthia's Revels," Jonson had given over-liberal measure of a text extremely difficult by its discursiveness for children to memorize, and that the pruning knife had to be freely applied? If we take this reading, the quarto represents the prompt copy. It would be natural for Jonson to restore the deleted portions when he came to issue his collected plays, but hardly natural for him to write nine hundred new lines purely for the edification of the reader.

One curious example of play-extension remains to be noted. When the Globe players took over Marston's comedy "The Malcontent" in 1604, from the Blackfriars boys, all the musical interludes with which the play was diversified had to be omitted, and the consequent shortening necessitated a very considerable expansion of the text. Probably Prölss had this example in mind when he strove in his "Von den ältesten Drucken Shakespeares" to account for the discrepancies between the quartos and the Folio by arguing that the plays existed in two forms, one for the public theatre and one for the private. But, if that were so, he overlooked the qualifying circumstance that once the King's men superseded the Chapel children, all essential difference between the modes of representation at the Blackfriars and the Globe ceased.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

(To be concluded.)

Correspondence

THE ART OF THE THEATRE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In a long and extremely kind critique of my work—that scrap of my work which I was able to show in the small single room at the Bruton Street Gallery last June—your Mr. R. H. W. (not the dramatic critic) speaks of me (ATHENÆUM, June 25, p. 840) as "a famous and a neglected artist"; says that my scraps of work shown "make it quite clear that he really has ideas," and so on. All very kindly; all too kind, in fact.

But when he criticizes, when he would begin to speak of what I have done—what I have worked at with the utmost care, and have given to the English for careful consideration—he, being unable to tell what it is I intended, presumes that I am "apparently unable to visualize in three dimensions," and states that I am "obsessed with the heroic."

He states, too, that I dream of "a vast theatre to seat many thousands of people, with actors of heroic mould"—that I dream "of an audience murmuring, 'How beautiful!'" in harmoniously modulated tones."

He then says this:

We fear he will never see the last part, at any rate, fulfilled; for nobody would go near such a theatre who could go instead to something more intimate and individualized. For the art of a theatre is in its nature the most unheroic of the arts.

Again:

Mr. Craig reveals himself equally out of touch with the real genius of the theatre in his two-dimensional visions of the players in costume which he calls marionettes. . . . We are convinced that the optical impressions demanded [by the audience] are three-dimensional.

Now, Sir, this won't do. I do not intend by this, or by anything I may chance to say, any offence either to your admirable critic or to yourself—but it really won't do for a number of reasons.

Our theatre is not so rich that we can spare a good critic when he is abominably careless. It is careless to state that "apparently" I am "unable" to "visualize in three dimensions," and am "obsessed with the heroic." I am well able to visualize in three dimensions, and have given proof of this in many hundreds of designs for scenes with figures in them. Therefore your critic makes a very careless statement which is without any foundation, and calculated to mislead.

I am not "obsessed with the heroic," as can be seen by studying my books, wherein I deal with almost every possible branch of the art, not the heroic only; and as can be seen by my designs, where I have given scenes, costumes, suggestions of lighting innumerable for every type of play—not one type only, not the heroic only. Therefore your critic makes a second very careless statement, also without any foundation, and calculated to mislead.

These two errors he backs up by a third. He says I dream "of an audience of many thousands murmuring, 'How beautiful!'" in harmoniously modulated tones." I dream of no such thing. I may be allowed to fancy that an English audience, as large as it likes to be, might find a great spectacle beautiful; they found "The Miracle" beautiful, and I am told I had a good deal to do with that production—and that

many thousands went to see it. And this brings us to another statement as carelessly made as the others, and as incorrect.

It is that passage which I have quoted above where your critic says that nobody would go near such a theatre (as I dream of) who could go to something more intimate. Again, you see, he forgets "The Miracle," and seems never to have heard that even to-day audiences of 5,000 to 10,000 go to the most "heroic" of performances in Europe and America whenever they can get the chance.

He then states that "the art of a theatre is in its nature the most unheroic of the arts." This, too, is quite untrue.

No one would hold that any art was purely heroic, and naught else. But the nature of our theatre art, Sir, as you know, is vast enough to be what it pleases—I had almost written what it damn well pleases.

The final misstatement your critic makes is that I am out of touch with the real genius of the theatre, and he flatly refuses to accept my marionnettes as being intended by me to be marionnettes, and says that I only call them so.

What the dickens are we coming to when a critic refuses to accept our word for the facts? I exhibited *Marionnettes*. May I not make my puppets of two dimensions? Since the earliest times marionnettes have been made just so; they have, let me hasten to add, been made in three dimensions too; the one truth, the one fact, surely does not exclude t'other. The only thing that should be excluded is misrepresentation. And, to wind up with, your critic says that the audience demands (he is convinced) a three-dimensional effect.

Well, and why not—but why not also two-dimensional—or any effect it likes?

I hope, and I think we all hope, that the audience shall ever be free to demand all it wants, and that artists may be free to give all that's wanted. Why not, in Heaven's name? But to narrow down the notions of a nation to the little boxed-in ideas of a critic unable to recognize that the theatrical art can yield *all sorts and all sizes and all measures* won't do at all.

And now for the harm your critic does by his misstatements.

If, as he says, I am "famous," if "neglected," if it is "clear that I have ideas," why, then, does he make so many misstatements which are calculated to keep me as "neglected" as ever, and render my "ideas" null? I take it that ideas are not valueless, not tumbled across every day, and "famous" artists not so utterly useless to a nation.

So, again, why does he do his best to belittle my ideas and fame by a lot of statements which are incorrect?

Perhaps that, Sir, is one of the reasons why I am not working in England, where everyone is permitted to belittle, and applauded for belittling by misstatements, the work of all good English workmen.

Rapallo,
July 27, 1920.

Faithfully,
GORDON CRAIG.

"COMMERCIALISM" AND THE THEATRE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The fact that the public are not allowed any choice in the selection of a play, as stated last week in the concluding article on "A Century of Evolution," is beyond question. In all discussions, however, on this point it must be remembered what are the economic necessities. Money must be put down by someone to the amount, say, of £5,000, to allow of a play being run for at least five weeks before any cash to speak of comes out of the public's pocket. This initial outlay is the demoralizing factor in the drama trade to-day, because the ease with which a fool can be persuaded to part with his money for a theatrical venture is proverbial. Capital is quickly forthcoming from the author of a play, or some woman, perhaps an actress, or from an actor with private means, anxious to undertake a leading part, or by a successful stockjobber who has been told that there is a fortune in the play, and who does not even trouble to ask what it is about! In none of these instances can it be said that the needs of the public have been considered.

But the most convincing evidence of want of consideration for the public interest on the part of managers towards their public is found in the practice of "nursing" a play until, by mere advertisement, it has become a financial success. In

America, if a play on the first night is condemned by Press and playgoer, it is withdrawn within a few days of its run. An English manager, however, does not so readily accept defeat. Before the end of the first week the usual "House Full" boards are exposed, soon to be followed by the free invitation *matinée* to the clergy, who seem always ready (thanks to the Actors' Church Union) to give their blessing to any piece of theatrical rubbish that will provide actors with a livelihood! Certainly, as far as the theatre is concerned, foreigners may well call us a nation of hypocrites.

The existence of a National Theatre would have one advantage. It would depose the omnipotence of the Manager, because the mere fact of the public demanding a National Theatre would mean that it is dissatisfied with what the Commercial Theatre provides.

Unfortunately the whole of the theatrical profession is tacitly opposed to the scheme. No manager, capitalist, dramatist, actor or stage-mechanic will tolerate the introduction of the repertory system into this country if he can help it, because for them this means more work and less pay. To-day we think of our pleasures first. There are few artists who have the courage to say, with Michael Angelo: "I have been unwilling to abandon my task . . . because I undertook it for the love of God, in whom is all my hope."

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM POEL.

August 24, 1920.

NEGRO OR "NIGGER"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In thanking Mr. Clive Bell for his sanely appreciative article on Negro Sculpture in the last issue of your journal, may I take the opportunity of protesting against the gradual adoption of the term "Nigger" into the literary vocabulary of the English language which appears to be proceeding? Already THE ATHENÆUM has given sanction to the word, and a week or two ago *The Times* blessed it by publishing an article with a heading in which the offensive word was prominently featured. In the course of a serious, well-reasoned and critically inspired piece of writing, Mr. Clive Bell recurred repeatedly to the use of a word which means nothing, whose associations are of the low-comic-music-hall order, and which affronts the intelligence and race-pride of several million of your fellow-subjects in the British Empire.

The opprobrious epithet "nigger" had its origin in the narrowest and most fanatical race-insolence, a type of mind and thought with which neither *The Times* nor THE ATHENÆUM would desire to associate itself. It was coined on the plantations, and conferred in contempt upon the toiling human beings to whose sweated labour the masters owed the large leisure they employed so happily in inventing rum-punches and mint-juleps, and new epithets to apply to the creatures of the God they believed in.

It came into England, I suppose, along with the minstrels and burnt-cork comedians. It has always enjoyed a great popularity among the mass of the people, to whose race-arrogance and instinctive prejudice against the alien and stranger it makes an obvious appeal.

At first used only of the African, the English soldier quartered in India soon found it consoling to his race-ego to think and speak of the people of that country as "niggers." And now the London street-urchin applies the term, with an impartial lack of discrimination, to any obvious foreigner whose complexion happens to be of darker hue than the mottled red he is accustomed to.

I think that in the circumstances a paper like THE ATHENÆUM, catering as it does for cultivated minds, might well afford to disavow the term, and it surely should not be difficult to substitute another, at once more accurate and less offensive in its associations, when reference to the African is intended.

As any accusation of race-narrowness against Mr. Clive Bell would be ridiculous, his use of the word would seem to be as devoid of motive as it was ill in taste. Unless, indeed, Mr. Bell was merely trying to be funny, in which case it seems even more difficult to forgive him.

Yours faithfully,
VIVIAN HARRIS.

158, Fleet Street, E.C.4,
August 24, 1920.

Foreign Literature

THE IRREDUCIBLE ELEMENT

INTRODUCTION À LA MÉTHODE DE LÉONARDO DE VINCI. Par Paul Valéry. (Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française.)

THE attempt to penetrate into a first-class mind, to represent to oneself the extent and balance of its activities, to perceive and to maintain in perception an imputed attitude or centre of being which shall make these activities *natural*, is one of the most fascinating and deceptive of enterprises. Fascinating, because each discovery of this kind, since it is made by us, may be applied in a measure to ourselves, and deceptive probably, since it is only as they may be applied to ourselves that such discoveries are possible. The case of Leonardo is the most difficult of all to assimilate. For here we are required to prolong ourselves not merely in one direction, but in many. And further, and still more difficult, we have to conceive these different directions as united at a source, as being, when we circumscribe our attention to their genesis, manifestations of essentially the same thing. The method of Leonardo is one thing. For this creature with an unexampled sense of distinctions it is required to seize a centre of, as it were, equilibrium, an attitude which makes the passage to any activity a *natural* movement and, irrespective of its diverse termini, the same movement. We may say at once that M. Valéry has not solved his problem; he has, however, posited it. He wrote his little book, as he informs us in his Note et Digressions, when he was twenty-three, and it bears the marks of youthful obscurity—we mean the youthful desire to express a thought in all its felt profundity, to find the clear, bare statement a betrayal rather than an inadequacy, and to surround it with a penumbra of emotional suggestion. Alty to this a conscience in intellectual matters, an intense sympathy with precision, and we think the effect of difficulty and honesty conveyed by M. Valéry's book is sufficiently explained. In truth, he had not thought matters out; he was excited; he was not sufficiently indifferent to his own discoveries to understand or to present them clearly.

But the M. Valéry of 1919, who writes the Note et Digressions, is in a different case. For one thing, he has the necessary indifference: "Même notre pensée la plus 'profonde' est contenue dans les conditions invincibles qui font que toute pensée est 'superficielle.' On ne pénètre que dans une forêt de transpositions; ou bien c'est un palais fermé de miroirs, que féconde une lampe solitaire qu'ils enfantent à l'infini." His intellectual activity is freer; he is less surcharged, and, as a result, he understands more and he says more. The obscurity of the Note et Digressions is wholly what we may call a legitimate obscurity; it is genuinely difficult to say what M. Valéry has to say. The attempt to "penetrate" Leonardo now serves as a point of departure which leads to a perfectly general result. It is as well to start with Leonardo, even if we are now more fully conscious that we are probably creating him. Our interest is not now to reconstruct the historical Leonardo, but to make, with increasing frankness, a discovery about ourselves. How does an individual of the "première grandeur" represent himself to himself? We attach ourselves to the true thread by singling out M. Valéry's remark: "La clairvoyance imperturbable qui lui semble (mais sans le convaincre tout à fait) le représenter tout entier à lui-même, voudrait se soustraire à la relativité qu'elle ne peut pas ne pas conclure de tout le reste." This "tout le reste," what does that include? We shall find that it includes "everything." It is the *chose visible*, foreign, indispensable and inferior to the *chose qui y voit*. It is this

chose qui y voit which is presently to be isolated. But first M. Valéry gives us some general reflections on the consciousness. It is a group of transformations, comprising all sensations, all ideas, all judgments. But that which knows is never that which it knows, and therefore the character of the consciousness is "une perpétuelle exhaustion, un détachement sans repos et sans exception de tout ce qu'y paraît, quoi qui paraisse . . . par lequel l'homme de l'esprit doit enfin se réduire sciemment à un refus indéfini d'être quoi que ce soit." Nothing that can be attended to escapes this separation; by the mere fact of being present for attention it joins those foreign entities, the *choses visibles*. The conscious life is a series of transformations, of substitutions of visible things. Our personality itself is a *chose visible*; we may think about it, calculate it. It is not "ce moi le plus nu." This *moi* has no name, no history, but is as real as the centre of gravity of the solar system. We may say that the group of transformations which comprises all we can attend to admits an invariant.

It is this thought which, in one aspect or another, makes up the substance of M. Valéry's Note et Digressions, but he has tried to do much more than present it in the skeleton form we have outlined. He has endeavoured to make it *convincing*, to attach it to as many elements of our being as possible, to make the task of realization easy for us. Hence his abundance of images, his occasional exploration of implications. How, for instance, to this persistent attention, to which life, death, thoughts, are objects of its attention, which is ignorant of its origin—how does *cessation* present itself to it? Experience has revealed to it the possibility of change and even "l'existence d'une certaine pente qui mène plus bas que tout."

Cette pente fait pressentir qu'elle peut devenir irrésistible; elle prononce le commencement d'un éloignement sans retour du soleil spirituel, du maximum admirable de la netteté, de la solidité, du pouvoir de distinguer et de choisir; on la devine qui s'abaisse, obscurcit de mille impuretés psychologiques, obsédée de bourdons et de vertiges, à travers la confusion des temps et le trouble des fonctions, et qui se dirige défaillante au milieu d'un désordre inexprimable des dimensions de la connaissance, jusqu'à l'état instantané et indivis qui étouffe ce chaos dans la nullité.

We have here a good illustration of M. Valéry's method; the passage has a singular combination of clarity and fullness, and, withal, a hint at a further clarity which has not yet been fully attained, as in the use of the word *dimensions*. We find indications of this kind throughout the essay—as if M. Valéry wished to indicate the direction of those thoughts which he has not yet made explicit, or as if he brought to us the results of a more difficult intuition which he has not yet confirmed. It is one kind of suggestiveness, and is responsible for the peculiar quality of excitement that M. Valéry's essay awakens. Such writing can convince where it cannot prove. It is in the discrimination of the grounds of his intuition that M. Valéry's analytical power is best displayed. He manifests an extraordinary delicacy of perception, a true subtlety of attention. The objects thus discriminated are then placed before the reader with all the persuasiveness that well-ordered imagery can bestow. To the consciousness made tremulous and sensitive in this way M. Valéry announces the result of his own intuition. If the spark passes, all is well. If the spark does not pass, M. Valéry becomes unintelligible. He can descend to no wider common ground; his method is that of poetry, not that of ratiocination. The greater disconnectedness of the intuitive process enables M. Valéry to make some of his happiest remarks by the way. Speaking of the "opération" of Leonardo, he says it was as if "une personne particulière n'y était pas attachée, sa pensée paraît plus universelle, plus minutieuse, plus suivie et plus isolée qu'il n'appartient à une pensée individuelle." And then immediately: "L'homme très élevé n'est jamais un

original. Sa personnalité est aussi insignifiante qu'il le faut." We see here the *opération* of M. Valéry. It is a method which gives to his valuable book its great suggestiveness and charm.
J. W. N. S.

THE DAWN OF ITALIAN POETRY

EARLY ITALIAN LITERATURE.—Vol. I. PRE-DANTE POETICAL SCHOOLS. With Critical Introductions by Ernesto Grillo. (Blackie. 10s. 6d.)

IT may be, as Professor Grillo, following Monaci, maintains, that the true cradle of modern Italian poetry is Bologna and that the "tenzone" in which Pier della Vigna and Giacomo Lentino reply to Jacopo Mostacci's question about love can only be an emanation from the famous law-school there. Certainly there is more Tuscan than Sicilian in the dialect of these early poets. But in common fairness some kind of a stand must be made against these grasping Northern Imperialists. After all, it was the taste and munificence of the most brilliant Emperor of the Middle Ages, Frederick II., that attracted so much of the brains of thirteenth-century Italy to Palermo, where, for a few brief years, the wisdom of East and West met and held intercourse. He it was who encouraged them to write in the despised vernacular, and it was here that these poets acquired sufficient solidarity and importance to be called the Sicilian school. Frederick is reported to have said that Italian is fit only for love-poetry, and love is their one theme. It is still the courtly, chivalrous love of the Provençal poets, from which it is obviously descended, but it has freed itself from the chrysalis of artificiality. In its new home in the South poetry has recovered its youth and vigour. Even in the two poems we have from the pen of Frederick himself, which are far from being the best of the school, we can see that poetry is once more in close contact with life and has her feet firmly planted on mother earth. This is still more obvious in the best work of the school, by which it must, of course, be judged—in Giacomo Pugliese, for instance:

Quando vegio rinverdire
Giardino e prato e rivera,
Gli angelletti odio bradire,
Udendo la primavera
Fanno loro gioia e diporto,
Ed io voglio pensare e dire
Canto per donare conforto
E li mali d'amore covrire,
Ché gli amanti perono a gran torto.

Or better still in the well-known

Morte, perchè m' hai fatto sì gran guerra,

or in Rinaldo d'Aquino's "L'Amante del Crociato," or Mazzeo di Rico da Messina's "Le Gioie dell' Amante." One could hardly find subjects more trite than the death of a poet's mistress or the departure of a lover on a Crusade, yet in both there is a depth of feeling and, in the case of Giacomo Pugliese especially, a delicacy of treatment that proves them to be poets of a really high order. And all these three, be it noted, are genuine Southerners. Southern too is most of the imagery of these poems. But there is nothing in the work of the Sicilian school that smacks so strongly of the soil and seems so close to the life of the South as that delightful "contrasto" between the lover and his lady, "Rosa fresca aulentissima," by Cielo d'Alcamo, for we must apparently no longer call him Ciullo. It is a pity that Professor Grillo has omitted the last verse. A book of this kind is not likely to be read by any but advanced students.

Had Enzo Re succeeded to his father's throne instead of dying after many years of captivity in Bologna, would Palermo have still remained the home of Italian poetry? Certainly he had a more genuine gift than Frederick. One would like to know how far the "Canzone del

Prigioniero" is an allegorical reference to his own hard fate, though it may well date from happier days.

The fickle Muse was now to take up her home in more northerly regions, in Tuscany and Bologna. Guido Guinicelli ("il padre mio e degli altri miei miglior," as Dante calls him) in his

Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore

stands out supreme in the Bolognese school, so far superior is this poem to anything else that was produced either by Guinicelli himself or by any other poet of Bologna.

It is in Tuscany, however, that poetry first becomes truly Italian, extending its sphere and taking on the greater variety that was to fit it to embrace life as a whole and culminate in Dante. For one thing, that most characteristic of all Italian forms, the sonnet, now begins to appear and to play a part hardly less important than the canzone. Professor Grillo shows us the school in all its aspects. Guittone d'Arezzo stands at the head of these early Tuscans, and we can here read, among others, his poem on the battle of Montaperti. There are also extracts from the "Tesoretto" of Dante's master, Brunetto Latini, and sonnets of that early poetess the "Compiuta Donzella," complaining of her lot at being forced into marriage by her father, when her ambition was to retire to a convent. Tuscan wit, too, begins to find its way into poetry, as in the sonnets of that bitter-tongued satirist Cecco Angiolieri or in Rustico de Filippi. In these writers and in Carlo Davanzati are contained most of the elements that go to make the "dolce stil nuovo" upon the hither side of which Professor Grillo, like the Notary and Guittone, has doomed himself to stay.

But if the brain of Italy was in Tuscany, we must look elsewhere for her soul. The Umbrian school derives directly from St. Francis and finds its highest expression in Jacopone da Todi, who, whatever else we may say of him, is undoubtedly the greatest religious poet of early Italy. This is obvious from the extracts given here. And the revival of mystical and spiritual religion made it impossible for poetry to remain within the castle walls. If in Florence poetry had descended into the tavern and street, in Umbria it entered the cottage and the parish church with St. Francis' bride, Poverty, as we see in the simple *Laudi* or the moralized *bestiaries* or the tourney between the *Virtues* and *Vices*. In Northern Italy, where Provençal and feudal poetry retained their sway much longer than elsewhere, the Italian poetry was deliberately written with a religious purpose to counteract the prevailing frivolity in literature.

All these aspects are illustrated in the wide and varied selections of this useful book. Professor Grillo has not, indeed, attempted a scholarly edition with elaborate textual notes like that of A. J. Butler, who confined himself to "canzoni." He limits his work to a short introductory note to each writer. He does not discuss the merits of the poems in detail, as did Butler, but adds (by way of notes) a literal translation into modern Italian of such words as he thinks may cause difficulty. We think that it might have been better to arrange the words in a regular glossary, and there are times when we should like more help, as in the Provençal of the "Contrasto con una Genovese." The introductory essays on the Italian language and on the various schools are thoroughly up-to-date and the Professor insists on the essential originality of this poetry in opposition to those French critics who would derive all its merits from Provençal. The book is the production of a scholar.

L. C.-M.

WORDS, says Professor Drennan of University College, Johannesburg, "have their exits and their entrances"; the object of his sound little paper on "Cockney English and Kitchen Dutch" is to show that for the Afrikaans language the drama is only just beginning, in the same "kitchen" stage indeed as was our own tongue in 1200.

IN THE TRADITION

FOND DE CANTINE. Par Pierre Drieu La Rochelle. (Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française. 5fr. net.)

LUCID and oratorical, "Fond de Cantine" belongs to that peculiar poetical tradition which we are accustomed to regard as characteristically French. M. Drieu La Rochelle's poems mean what they say and nothing more. They run along the level decorously like trains. They never leave the ground or shake into a thousand coloured pieces, as English poetry so often and so excitingly does. They run their course with vigour and even passion; but to us, accustomed to the strange wealth of English fantasy, there is a certain chilliness, a prosaic quality about most of these pieces.

The first half of the book is filled with poems of the war, lyrical fragments expressing a personal emotion. But even here we feel that there is something not quite right. The poems are too hard and definite; the emotion which inspired them has been too completely digested and explained by the intellect. Things in real life are not so definite as this, we complain. For the sake of revealing its significant form the emotion has been too much simplified. Too often M. La Rochelle gives us a sort of mathematical formula of an emotion, and not the emotion itself. Here, for example, in "Block-Notes" we have a lyric that is half a formula and half the immediate emotion:

Et je suis à la guerre méditant la grandeur

Je t'ai donné, patrie,
La dime de ma vie.

Ma lettre
au suppliant parfum.
Soudain saisi aux reins
par des mains.
Je sécherai ma chair au soleil.
J'ai refermé mes livres
et découvert mon âme;
mon âme se délivre;
qui retiendra mon âme?
Parfum doux et doux
des jours heureux.

Bah, quelle femme sut mourir
en souvenir
de l'idée
dont est décédé
un homme?

The second and, we imagine, more recent half of M. La Rochelle's book contains longer pieces of a more generalized and philosophic character—didactic poems, almost. "Rondeur," the last and longest of them, is a fine piece of poetic oratory:

Ce sont les derniers jours où la Terre est grande.

Une puissance nous est encore refusée. Elle accablait nos enfants.

Soon, when speed has reduced the earth to a mere ball in the hand of man, when we shall be convinced of its smallness and unimportance empirically as well as by reason, man will feel himself a prisoner and there will be no escape. One feels of the poem that it is a little too much like a chapter out of some Wellsian universal history pitched in a tone of declamation.

UN CŒUR VIERGE. Par Eugène Montfort. (Paris, Flammarion. 5fr. 75 net.)—This tragic and charming story of a beautiful girl, innocent and unworldly as Virginie, on a tiny island of the Breton coast, is another ripple on the stream of French fiction moving toward Romance. M. Montfort, in returning to a purely ideal form, which might have attracted any of the simpler-minded of the early French Romantics, has had what is for a modern working in this medium a rare success. Half-fairy creatures must have an admixture of some peculiar ether in the air they breathe. They do not thrive on that which suffices ordinary mortals. M. Montfort has achieved that so elusive atmosphere which belongs to the realm of Mademoiselle de Maupin and her kind. He contrives to

make us forget while we read the book—and it is a book which can and should be read at a sitting, in a couple of hours—its incongruities and impossibilities. Unfortunately, he does not succeed in making us forget his jerky and inappropriate style.

A young Parisian painter sails from Quiberon to the island of Houat, where he discovers Anne de Kéras, the daughter of an impoverished and disagreeable aristocrat who lives in a little dismantled fort, and makes a scanty living out of goats and poultry. They fall in love. It would be another case of "la belle au bois dormant" and her awakener but that there is one tree only in all the island. Her father's consent being apparently out of the question, they elope in a fishing-boat. A sudden storm springs up, and Anne is drowned.

That is the story. But, as we have hinted, it is less the plot than the central figure that is of importance in this little romantic drama. Anne de Kéras may be a pale and unsubstantial phantom, but she is a very delightful one. The reader of novels will probably find her alive in his memory when very many heroines of more solid substance are dead and forgotten.

MÉLUSINE. Par Franz Hellens. (Paris, "La Voile Rouge.")—"Mélusine!" I cried, and as the light faded I knew that I had lost her once more. Next moment a gigantic sun swam across the horizon, changing in colour from blue to green, and from green to a delicate rose. Another sun followed, and instantly, in this celestial trickery, I recognized the work of the conductor of the Electric Railroad. As I thought of him he appeared before me, carefully dressed, mocking, ironical. At the same time the lamp above my head began to laugh coldly, and a hidden violin echoed my cry, "Mélusine! Mélusine!"

We are not translating, but what we have written really seems to us quite as interesting, quite as poetical, quite as intelligent—quite as good in short—as "Mélusine, roman." Par Franz Hellens." Nay, for the reader, better, because there are not 317 pages of it.

IL LASTRICO DELL' INFERNO. By Virgilio Brocchi. (Rome, Mondadori. 6 lire.)—In these stories Signor Brocchi appears in his lighter vein. This is not the Signor Brocchi of "Secondo il Cuor Mio." We are back in the Isola Sonante of the Cremona region, the scene of a whole series of earlier volumes by the same author. Signor Brocchi is, however, now as always, essentially a novelist. Neither in length nor in construction do the contents of this book possess the qualities of a good short story. They are rather short novels. And the longest of them, "Il Più Furbo," is undoubtedly the best; for it gives Signor Brocchi the elbow-room he needs. It contains an admirable picture of the inner life of the "Isola" in wartime—the clerical anti-interventionists, led by the powerful, masculine Don Nuvolari, a priest who is as successful and unscrupulous in business as he is with the women; while the chief representative of law and order and the Government is the hapless carabinieri, whose patriotic enthusiasm leads him to prosecute a vegetable-hawker for calling his donkey, the dearest thing he possesses on earth, Cadorna. Into this narrow, backbiting little world comes the rascally Fracchi to set up a barber's shop, on strictly non-political lines, with the beautiful Marianna as the chief attraction, with results that can be imagined. Yet it would be hard to say whether the priest or the barber is the bigger rogue. As the title implies, the book is paved from beginning to end with good intentions; but the misfortunes that befall the boy in his efforts to restore the purse he has picked up are far more convincing than a conventional story like the last. For ourselves, we prefer Signor Brocchi in a full-dress novel.

LE DERNIER RENDEZ-VOUS. Par Jean-Louis Vaudoyer. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 4fr. 90.)

Few things can be quite so boring, quite so dismally banal as the adultery which forms the subject of ninety-nine out of a hundred French novels, yet each new heroine behaves as if she were doing something highly original and romantic in betraying her husband and her children. Only the disillusioned reader feels inclined to ask, "Why, since it is apparently inevitable, make all this fuss?" We know from the moment Bettine Dallerie appears upon the scene in "Le Dernier Rendez-vous" (p. 4) that she will become the mistress of Vincent Pravière, and with a sigh we resign ourselves to reading for the thousandth time the tedious preliminaries that must be gone through before their union is accomplished. I hasten to add that M. Vaudoyer does it all very well—a little after the manner of M. Bourget in his earlier novels. That is to say, the drama is not presented dramatically, but by narrative and through Vincent's journal, and with the unavoidable *longueurs* that accompany extensive psychological analysis. The book, indeed, only becomes interesting when the adultery is an accomplished fact. The later relations between Vincent, Bettine, and Bettine's invalid sister-in-law who is in love with Vincent, are interesting, simply because they are complicated by emotions that imply a moral sense and a capacity for unselfishness.

It is curious why a book so intelligent, so competently-written as "Le Dernier Rendez-vous" should, for all its tragedy, leave us unmoved. It is less curious if one is right in suspecting that M. Vaudoyer himself was not passionately interested in the fate of his characters. He appears to have looked round for a subject, and finding one, even though it was not particularly fresh, to have decided to make use of it, relying on his professional ability to bring off certain effects.

F. R.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

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